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THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

**T**HERE is reason to hope that the risk of a collision between the two Houses may still be averted. The time which has been afforded for reflection has certainly not in all instances been wasted, and it is believed that some eminent prelates are disposed to restrain the ardour of impetuous laymen. If the majority, under the rash guidance of Lord DERBY, persists in its intention of throwing out the Irish Church Bill, the general duty of the Government will be clear, although there may be some difference of opinion as to the course which ought to be immediately adopted. As a responsible statesman, Mr. GLADSTONE is bound not to give effect to the decision of the House of Commons and of the country, and to save the House of Lords, as far as possible, from the consequences of its own indiscretion, by giving a plausible opportunity for resipiscence and retraction. The preponderance of argument in favour of the Bill will be more overwhelming in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons, because the necessity of ultimate concession is even more demonstrable than the expediency of abolishing an indefensible institution. Lord DERBY's followers have apparently thought that their former chief has still a moral claim to the allegiance from which he formally released them fifteen months ago. It had previously been rumoured that they were discontented with the leadership of Lord CAHENS, who was content to be the lieutenant of Mr. DISRAELI; and it would have been only by a painful effort that the body of Conservatives could have acquiesced in a measure of which they not unnaturally disapprove. Mr. GLADSTONE might himself feel a certain sympathy for an error which would be logical, if it were allowable to deduce practical inferences from conventional propositions. The two Houses possess equal powers, as two Knights Templars, in the legendary days of their poverty, possessed equal property in the horse which carried them both on its back. It is conceivable that the occupant of the crupper may have insisted on his right to turn to the left, when his partner with the bridle in his hand had already chosen the right-hand track; but eventually he must have discerned the truth of the maxim that one must ride behind. Having liberated their consciences by a protest, the mass of the peers will probably on a second trial submit to the laws of necessity and of nature. As Lord SALISBURY reminded them in a recent debate, the paramount authority rests, not with the House of Commons, but with the nation. Taunts and menaces would only tend to convert useless and obstinate resistance into a point of honour. Some of the volunteer advisers who disguise their counsels to Mr. GLADSTONE in the form of imaginary rumours of his intentions, suggest the extravagant course of a fresh appeal to the country, not on the abolition of the Irish Establishment, but on the existence or constitution of the House of Lords. It is difficult to say whether the dissolution of a devoted House of Commons on a revolutionary issue would be more criminal or imbecile. The figment of a reaction would be for the first time accredited by a wanton repetition of the question which was so distinctly answered at the last election. Violent language in the House, or out-of-door disturbances, would enlist the sympathies of the great body of Conservatives on the side of Lord DERBY and his adherents, although their policy has hitherto been almost universally condemned. When the party which has right on its side happens also to be the stronger, it would commit a great mistake if it were deliberately to put itself in the wrong.

Although a Bill which has been rejected in either House cannot according to the forms of Parliament be re-introduced in the same Session, the Government may by a simple contrivance divide one Session into two. A prorogation, followed by a summons to Parliament to meet for the despatch of business, would enable the House of Commons to pass another Irish Church Bill copied word for word from the present measure:

and in two or three weeks the Bill might pass through all its stages without renewed discussion. Mr. DISRAELI, who may be supposed profoundly to disapprove of the tactics of Lord DERBY, need not waste time in again proposing the amendments which he scarcely troubled himself to support when the present Bill was in Committee. The marked silence of the Opposition, when Mr. GLADSTONE was welcomed with cheers by his party on Monday last, indicates the general disposition of the House of Commons to maintain its own supremacy in any conflict with the Upper House. If the Bill had been carried by a bare majority, the defeated party would have welcomed the reversal of a doubtful judgment, but no section of the House is inclined to surrender its ultimate control of policy and legislation. If the Bill were again presented to the House of Lords at the beginning of August, there would be a reasonable probability that it would be accepted; and a second refusal would justify the Government in adopting vigorous methods of coercion. It is desirable that as little time as possible should be allowed for agitation in England or in Ireland. The autumn of 1831, after the rejection of the first Reform Bill, was a troubled and alarming season. If the peers persisted in their refusal to pass the Irish Church Bill on a second occasion, the consequences would be scarcely more serious than if Mr. GLADSTONE were at once to postpone further legislation to the spring of 1870. The noisy exultation of the Orangemen might do incalculable harm if they were allowed to boast for seven or eight months of a Parliamentary victory. Even if their patrons in the House of Lords were ill-advised enough to reject the Bill a second time, the certainty that measures would be taken to overcome a factious opposition would temper the enthusiasm of the most reckless partisans, while it would at the same time temper the excitement of party which may find itself for the moment disappointed and baffled.

In the last collision between the two Houses the Lords were on the main question substantially in the right, although it was doubtful whether their unusual interference in financial legislation was consistent with the best constitutional precedent. Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal to abolish the Paper-duty was disapproved by many of his political supporters, and by at least two of his principal colleagues, because the repeal involved a large increase of a deficiency which was otherwise considerable. When the Lords rejected the Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE was eager to fight out the quarrel, but he was firmly overruled by Lord PALMERSTON, who had not approved of the proposed sacrifice of revenue; yet the House of Lords, although it had displayed its power and performed a public service, had little reason to congratulate itself on the result of a temporary victory. In the following year, although his Budget again exhibited a deficiency, Mr. GLADSTONE, with the support of the House of Commons, compelled the Lords to submit to the repeal of the duty by including all his financial provisions in a single Bill. In all similar trials of strength experience sooner or later confirms the truth of the proverb that the weaker must go to the wall; and prudence suggests the expediency of evading a contest which has only one inevitable result. But for the wise moderation of Lord PALMERSTON, the resistance of the House of Lords to the repeal of the Paper-duty would have been overcome by some more violent and humiliating method. In the present dispute it would be imprudent to rely on Mr. GLADSTONE's perfect exemption from the weakness of resentment and irritation; and, if the peers are too proud to care for their own safety, they ought, for the sake of their clients, the Irish clergy, to consider that the Minister whose overtures they reject has something of the temperament of TARQUIN's Sibyl. In the present instance, although the display of virtuous indignation and impetuous resolution would be loudly applauded, undisputed command of a great majority ought to produce the cheerful moderation which naturally accompanies conscious strength. It is not impossible that even on the Ministerial benches there may here

and there be a certain sympathy with the cause of the Irish Church, if not with its imprudent champions; but every member of the majority holds his seat on the implied or expressed condition that he will help to destroy the Irish Church by whatever methods may be adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE. If there were any doubt of the terms of the bargain concluded at the election, the constituencies would, on appeal, unanimously confirm Mr. GLADSTONE's version of the contract.

It is not even technically correct to assert that the House of Lords possesses equal and co-ordinate power with the House of Commons, for the more popular assembly, through the Minister of its choice, disposes of the prerogative of the Crown which may at any time readjust the balance. By an exceptional and yet legal process, the Government can at any time fill a contumacious House of Lords with a majority of its own supporters. The experiment was practically tried a century and a-half ago, and Lord GREY was prepared in 1832 to repeat it on a larger scale if the mere intimation of his purpose had not sufficed for the attainment of his object. By one of the tacit assumptions which are necessary to lubricate the wheels of the Constitution, it is understood that a Minister shall not, except under pressure of imminent necessity, pack the House of Lords for a special purpose; but the check on his discretion involves the correlative obligation to give way in time. The recent debates on the comparatively unimportant question of enabling the Crown to create life-peers have given the peers an opportunity of reflecting on the character and functions of their House, and thoughtful men can scarcely have failed to arrive at the conclusion that it would be rash to precipitate a dead-lock. The well-known fact that bayonets are never, except by a figure of speech, crossed in battle, is due to an instinct of self-preservation which statesmen ought to possess as fully as soldiers. The weaker combatant only avoids a murderous collision by retreating in time; and in the present crisis the recall ought, if possible, to be sounded before Mr. GLADSTONE has advised the QUEEN to create a hundred peers whose votes may be relied on. It may be hoped, on the other hand, that he will leave an opening for repentance before he finally throws on the Opposition peers the responsibility of deteriorating the position of their order. An extraordinary Session held for the peremptory adoption of the Irish Church Bill would provide a pretext to hesitating members of the party for refusing to follow Lord DERBY a second time to the breach. As the Ministers are not exposed to the temptation of showing deficient firmness, they can well afford to be temperate and courteous, and not even to bare too ostentatiously the steel gauntlet which their adversaries well know to underlie the velvet glove. It has probably not occurred to any politician that the doomed Establishment of Ireland is in the smallest degree interested in the efforts of the House of Lords to prevent or delay its extinction.

#### CONSERVATIVE PEERS IN COUNCIL.

THE peers under the immediate guidance of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS have arrived at what is generally thought to be a dangerous resolution. They have determined, if they can, to reject the Bill on the Second Reading. It took the public by surprise to learn that this should be their decision, as it was thought that regard for the interests of their order, deference to constitutional usage, and a perception of what would best serve the Irish Church would alike induce them to let the Second Reading of the Bill pass without serious opposition. They have, it seems, thought otherwise, and there appears to be little doubt that, having made and announced their decision, they will persevere, and will use every effort to throw the Bill out. They may fail, for a considerable section of the Conservative party seems inclined to a milder course, and will either vote for the second reading or will not vote against it. But Lord DERBY and his friends, who have, it must be owned, immense influence with the peers, will get a majority against the Bill if they can. The importance of the step they are taking must, we should suppose, be perfectly obvious to them, and numberless instructors have all this week been trying to bring it home to them. Still they appear to stick to their purpose, and it is not to be supposed that they do so without some degree of thought and deliberation. Passion, pique, and prejudice, the exigencies of party, and delusion as to public feeling, may account in a great measure for their conduct, but they do not account for it wholly. They are to be credited with having some sort of reasons for acting as they intend to act, and it seems to us worth while to examine what these reasons can be. The first thing in effective warfare is to understand thoroughly the position of the

adversary, and the supporters of the Irish Church Bill cannot do better at the present juncture than set themselves to imagining on what grounds a Conservative peer, who gave himself the trouble to reason out a defence for rejecting the Bill, would conceive himself to be acting. His reasons cannot of course seem valid to those who entirely differ from him. After every endeavour to do justice to the views which we may suppose to have influenced Lord DERBY, we still consider the course suggested by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CAIRNS infinitely preferable, but it would, we think, be a mistake to suppose that Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS are acting without reasons, which, from their point of view, must seem to possess considerable weight.

The first of these reasons we imagine to be, that they cannot bring themselves to believe that they could adopt with success the alternative course suggested to them. What is proposed is that they should allow the Bill to pass the second reading, and then alter its character by amendments. They may very well say that this is an illusion. They hear it proclaimed by the Liberal party generally, and by the Ministry, that no amendment of any importance can be made in the Bill if its general principles are admitted. As Mr. GLADSTONE repeatedly said in the Commons, the whole Bill hangs together. The Lords might of course invent quite a new Bill, and introduce it in the shape of amendments, but they cannot alter the present Bill so as to leave it substantially what it is, and yet, to use a favourite expression of their supporters, "take the sting out of it." The Conservative organs which recommend trusting to amendments always use language of the most utter and the most studied vagueness. They say that amendments must be introduced which will protect the interests of the Church, which will undo the work of spoliation, and so forth, but they never say what such amendments would be like. Amendments like the amendments of Mr. DISRAELI—amendments designed, not to protect individuals, but to give the new Church body a large capitalized fund as a source of perpetual endowment—are the embodiment of a totally different measure from that which has passed the Commons. There might be amendments perhaps with regard to very tiny details, such as an amendment giving over the glebe-houses free of charge, which would not militate against the principle of the Bill, but it would seem such a very small mouse to come out of a mountain if getting rid of a building-charge were the only result of the championship of the Irish Church by the Conservative peers. The amendment which would most please their supporters would perhaps be one altering the Ministerial proposal about Maynooth. But, if compensation is to be given to Maynooth, the Lords could scarcely take their stand against the Commons by insisting that an additional burden should be imposed upon the British taxpayer. If no compensation at all were to be given to Maynooth, which would be the amendment most gratifying to the ultra-fanatics of the party, then either the Lords must propose also to take away all compensation to the Presbyterians, which would be very offensive to Orangemen, or they must treat the Roman Catholics with an odious and offensive inequality which a very little political foresight must warn the leaders of the Conservatives would hereafter be a source of great difficulty to them. If, then, no substantial amendments can be devised, the Bill must be either suffered to pass into law very much as it now stands, or it must be altogether rejected; and, seeing this, those who detest it may think that if a stand is to be made against it, it must be made against it as a whole, and at the outset of the discussion.

In the next place, the Conservative peers may imagine that they are likely to gain more than they will lose by boldly rejecting the Bill. They are invited to pass the Bill because it has passed with the approbation of overwhelming majorities in the House of Commons; but they may say that the worst that can happen is that they will be forced to pass it after a struggle, instead of bowing at once in humble subserviency to the Commons. There is a notion afloat among many of those who form the circle in which these Conservative peers move, that the House of Commons does not fairly represent the nation in this matter. There is apparently no ground whatever for entertaining this opinion. If the constituencies were not in entire accordance with their representatives, they would soon let them know their minds as they did in the days of Lord MELBOURNE, when the attack of the Whig Ministry on the Irish Church was foiled because the Whig county members informed the Government that their constituents did not really like what was being done. Nothing of the sort is going on now, and the electors are in perfect harmony with the elected. But Conservative peers who secretly see and acknowledge this, and appreciate its consequences, may argue with them—



selves that it is possible the tide of opinion will be turned when it is seen that, to carry the Bill, it will be necessary to resort to extremities in order to overpower the peers. The nation, they may fancy, goes with the Government, because the Government has had a career of unchecked success; but when it is shown that there is a centre of strong opposition to the Government, opinion may waver, and people may ask whether they are really prepared to crush an honourable, independent, and respected body of Protestant peers in order to please the Irish Roman Catholics. Even if the nation continues to support the Ministry, and the Bill is sent up again to the Lords, the peers may say that to yield then will not be the same as to yield now, for they will have appealed to the nation against the Commons, and, if they bow, they will manifestly be bowing, not to the Commons, but to the nation. This, they may urge, will be the course most likely to uphold their dignity, and to win general respect. If they yielded without a struggle to the Commons, they would be thought a set of poor creatures, whose political day is over, and whose constitutional independence is a sham, acknowledged by themselves to be a sham. Whereas, if they show a bold front, they will get credit for their boldness; they will animate their friends; they will assert their title to exist; and if they yield on the next trial of strength to the wishes of the country, they will be regarded with the feelings of respect and tenderness which Englishmen habitually show to those whom they have forced to yield after a fair and honourable contest.

Lastly, it must not be concealed that the Conservative peers think, not without some show of reason, that the Irish Church Bill cannot be taken by itself. It seems to them part of a general series of revolutionary measures that they see looming before them. They think that the Church of England will soon be attacked, that their landed properties may soon be endangered, and that every year changes, all in a democratic direction, will be made in the administration of public affairs. They see dimly a vague immeasurable peril menacing them and their order and their families. They do not know to what revolutions a measure avowedly revolutionary may not lead. Against this advancing power of democracy, against these unknown schemes of social and political change, they feel that they have elements of resistance and a great dormant force in their vast possessions, in the charm of their names, in the traditions cherished towards historical families by a nation passionately fond of its traditions. But if they never do anything, if they let every opportunity of resistance go by, if they do not inspire confidence by showing a belief in themselves, their force may be frittered away before any effective use can be made of it. To be bold—to be even, as others think, somewhat over-bold—now will be true wisdom in the end. They will thus form a body of resistance to violent change which will show its strength in Parliament, and still more in the country, and, by showing strength, will gain strength. They will teach the Liberal majority in the constituencies that there is an antagonistic force to them which is not to be despised. In calculating the political future, the lovers of revolutionary measures will know that they have to deal with a body of men, possessed of vast influence, who are determined to defend their interests. This may perhaps only whet the ardour of revolutionists, but it will confirm, encourage, and consolidate the enemies of revolution, and it will attract some considerable portion at least of that large neutral wavering mass which has no decided opinion, but which always takes care to keep clear of a party that owns itself weak and beaten, and which always in times of panic flies for protection to men of spirit and determination. To reject the second reading of the Irish Church Bill may, therefore, be part of a much wider issue, and be the first step towards organizing a resistance to revolution which, if no such organization exists, will have its own way entirely. Such, we imagine, are the considerations which have weighed with Lord DERBY and his friends, and, although they are not likely to influence persons out of the high Conservative circles, and do not inspire in us a moment's hesitation as to the expediency and necessity of carrying the Bill, yet they are considerations which, we think, deserve some attention from all who wish to appreciate correctly the real nature of the present crisis in English politics.

#### THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE second ballot has relieved the French electors from the discredit of rejecting the ablest members of the Opposition. M. THIERS will, however, be almost the only representative in the Chamber of the Orleanists or Parliamentary Liberals who alone maintain in France the principles

which have for many generations been in England associated with liberty; for the theories of M. JULES FAVRE and of other moderate and sincere Republicans have never been confirmed by practical success. An able and well-known English writer has suggested both ingeniously and truly that M. THIERS and his friends are on almost all practical questions heterodox, if they are judged by the standard of the Liberal creed. They support the temporal power of the POPE and the French occupation; they are hostile to German and Italian unity; and M. THIERS himself is an inveterate opponent of Free-trade and of political economy in general. It may be added that as an historian he has done more than any contemporary writer to propagate the superstitious belief in the First NAPOLEON which was the chief foundation of the revived Empire; yet it may be permitted, to those who have but a faint belief in M. THIERS' political wisdom, to remember that the question is not whether his opinions are to prevail, but whether the policy of France is to be regulated by an Emperor or by a Parliament. If there must be an absolute ruler, NAPOLEON III. is a better statesman than his eloquent adversary; but the EMPEROR and the Red Republican members of the Legislative Body are equally hostile to constitutional government. Fox, who was as ignorant of economy, as factious and as prejudiced, as the most obstinate Orleanist in France, is not without reason regarded even in the present day as the hero or patron saint of the hereditary Liberals. The Parliamentary system which lasted from 1815 to 1848 furnished the French nation with its only experience of liberty, and it seems desirable that the sole survivor of that political generation should have an opportunity of protesting in the Legislative Body against the personal government which has succeeded. It is unfortunate that younger and sounder supporters of free institutions should have discovered, by their failure at the election, how little the educated classes in France are in sympathy with the mass of the nation. Napoleonist peasants and Socialist artisans are equally indifferent to the merits of candidates such as M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE or M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL. They can understand a docile nominee of a Prefect, or a revolutionary libeller, and they like them the better because in their case political sympathy implies no feeling of personal respect. An accomplished gentleman who thinks for himself offers a kind of insult to the popular passion for equality. It is felt that M. ROCHEFORT and M. GAMBETTA, even though they may possess personal ability, are not too proud to express in the coarsest form the anarchical aspirations of the rabble. M. THIERS is probably returned on the second ballot because the Government would have greatly preferred the success of a noisy demagogue. M. JULES FAVRE, himself a sincere Republican, has given M. ROCHEFORT the triumph which AJAX conceded to ULYSSES, of having contended with the greatest orator and lawyer of his party, although he has been ultimately defeated.

The disturbances which have for the first time since 1851 occurred in Paris are rather ominous than formidable; yet the result of the election bodes ill for the stability of the BONAPARTE dynasty, while it is in the highest degree discouraging to the friends of constitutional government. A moderate Opposition, although it might have been unable to extort from the EMPEROR the concession of Ministerial responsibility, would have prepared the way for Parliamentary supremacy in a future reign. The RASPAILS and GAMBETTAS will have no serious desire to reform a Constitution which they propose to overthrow. Notwithstanding the present popularity of their professions, it is scarcely probable that the nation at large has renounced the antipathy to revolution which it displayed twenty years ago. NAPOLEON III. has always affected the character of a champion of social order against enemies whose existence had almost been forgotten. The adversaries whom he had long denounced are now sufficiently visible; but it may be doubted whether he will prefer a life-and-death struggle to a combat conducted according to the ordinary rules of warfare with belligerents who might, at the worst, have been contented with a compromise. The hostility of the great towns would have been still more unanimous if the city constituencies had not been in some instances diluted by the arbitrary inclusion of country parishes in the same electoral districts. Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have virtually voted for a new revolution; and even in country places the devotion of the peasantry to the Empire is perceptibly relaxed. A Government majority of only three to one is justly regarded by the Liberal party as a check to the system of personal government; but while they celebrate a party triumph, moderate politicians can feel little confidence in the representatives of Parisian Jacobinism. The French Correspondent of the *Times*, himself perhaps a defeated candidate, draws the true moral from the recent election, in the indignant contempt with which he denounces

universal suffrage. Inviting or rejecting the domination of a master, the multitude is always and everywhere opposed to the natural supremacy of intelligence and station. The supporters of the extreme Republican candidates have not even desired to return members capable of governing the country as England is governed by the leaders of the House of Commons. It was hoped that M. ROCHEFORT would be as calumnious and seditious in his speeches as in his printed lampoons, and that, after provoking some act of violence on the part of the Government, he would fulfil his blustering pledge of taking his post in a barricade. The cottage freeholders who follow the village Mayor and the parish priest to the polling-booth display in a safer form the absence of sound political instinct which they share with the revolutionists of the towns. In the country the notaries, the money-lenders, and the small shopkeepers are scarcely numerous enough to constitute a middle class; and in the great towns the traders and the owners of property are practically disfranchised. When the suffrage was, under the shortlived Republic, comparatively free, the Assembly found it necessary or expedient to purge, by an act of exceptional violence, the constituencies to which it owed its title. The PRESIDENT, when he took possession of absolute power, revived universal suffrage as the natural correlative of despotism, although he must have been aware that under other circumstances the alternative of anarchy might be preferred to absolutism. For eighteen years it has been found possible to coerce the great majority of voters, and to exclude the Legislative Body from all share in the Government. Whenever universal suffrage in France ceases to be a fiction, it will not reform the Empire, but destroy it. The professions of devotion to the principle of promiscuous voting, which are echoed by one party from the other, are remarkable specimens of conscious, or unconscious, cant. The Republicans know that, notwithstanding the progress which they have achieved, they are still in the minority, and the EMPEROR must feel that the pedestal of his power has been dangerously reduced in area. The friends of freedom and Parliamentary government are excluded from political power in the future as well as in the present. If they could obtain admission into the Legislative Body, their ability might secure them influence; but with almost the solitary exception of M. THIERS, they are contemptuously rejected by the constituencies. In the United States, where local institutions and material circumstances render both Kings and Parliaments unnecessary, the chief characteristic of universal suffrage is the coarseness and corruption of representatives who are only tolerated because they exercise little political power; yet in a country where, beyond the limits of the great cities, pauperism is unknown, and social inequality but trifling, it would have been impossible to restrict the franchise. The Legislative Body of France is even more powerless than the House of Representatives at Washington, but if at any time it becomes a sovereign assembly, it will be compelled to reflect the opinions either of uneducated petty proprietors, or of clubs of Socialist workmen. In such a contingency, it is not improbable that the EMPEROR's intelligent dictatorship may be remembered with regret.

In estimating the results of the election, all parties necessarily assume that universal suffrage is irrevocably established. According to the most plausible calculation, the total majority of voters for the Government is only 800,000 out of 8,000,000, although the proportion of parties in the Legislative Body will be in a far greater degree favourable to the Government. It might well have happened that a considerable majority of the Assembly might have been returned by a minority of electors; for the unanimous opposition of a populous electoral district only affects the return of a single member, although the votes might outnumber the collective majorities in a score of contested circumscriptions; yet the EMPEROR, who has always boasted of the vote of the people, may well be alarmed at the discovery that the scale of numbers is now so nearly balanced. The semi-official papers contrive to give the Government a large majority, by counting as supporters all the members who are not directly hostile to the dynasty. To four millions and a-half of Government votes they add upwards of a million given to so-called dynastic candidates, who are supposed to be friendly to the Government, although they received no official support; but for their immediate purpose the apologists are compelled to reckon the members of the Third Party, and their leader, M. EMILE OLLIVIER, as supporters of the Empire. It is admitted that the Opposition, properly so named, represents two millions and a half of voters, all of whom, according to the rash contention of the Imperialists, must be opposed, not only to the policy of the Government, but also to its fundamental principle. The EMPEROR himself has hitherto regarded as his

most formidable enemies the Orleanists and the other advocates of Parliamentary government, and he may perhaps think it easier to deal with antagonists who are as hostile to society and to property as to himself; but the fact remains that he can only count on a greatly diminished majority, which will be inferior in vigour and in ability to the Opposition. It appears scarcely probable that he will try the dangerous experiment of solving domestic difficulties by foreign adventure. A war, while it would alienate the quiet population of taxpayers, would be eagerly seized by demagogues as a pretext for attack. The EMPEROR's diminished popularity is generally attributed to the failure of his foreign policy in Mexico, and during the contest between Austria and Prussia. An unnecessary war with Germany, unless it were attended with extraordinary success, would be a more dangerous mistake. The establishment of the Empire was greatly facilitated by pacific professions, and there is nothing to prevent the inveterate enemies of the Government from proclaiming in turn that the Red Republic is peace.

#### THE SECTIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

THE difference of opinion which is manifesting itself among the Conservative peers as to the tone which the House of Lords ought to adopt with regard to the Irish Church Bill evidently only reflects the divergence of tendency and opinions traceable in different sections of the party. No great political party is really homogeneous throughout, and a critic might easily show that there are at least as many sections of the Liberal party as there are of the Conservative. But the differences which, under one set of circumstances, divide a party without interrupting its outward coherence, or preventing it from acting as a whole, may easily, under other circumstances, split a party into fragments outwardly marked off from each other. Current events show that there are at least three main sections of the great Conservative party and how these different sections stand to each other now, and are likely to stand to each other in a future not very remote, is a question of considerable interest for English politicians of this generation. First of all, there is the ruck of the party, or, if that is too invidious an expression, the main body of honest, well-to-do, hereditary Conservatives. They are born to look at politics in a certain way, and to carry Conservative opinions into every department of their happy, noiseless, unimaginative lives. They are the squires, the minor nobles, the good old Tory churchmen, the unimpeachable, unremarkable, self-satisfied families of county life. They toil not, neither do they spin. They think not of the age into which they are born, and stand aloof alike from the evil and the good of their generation. Sustained by an honest pride, and a love of duty that is persevering but easily satisfied, they go through a happy round of small but meritorious observances, and are never troubled with a doubt as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of their political creed. Sometimes they feel strongly, as many of them now feel about the Irish Church, and as in their hearts they felt about the Reform Bill. But without leadership, and the sense of comfortable obedience to men of higher calibre than themselves, they labour under a secret consciousness of want of power, which bids them seek a recompense in cultivating their local importance. It is very seldom that they can get a man of real ability to reflect their views adequately, and yet to irradiate them with something above the mediocrity which experience teaches them is unhappily congenial to their ranks. By a piece of good luck they have got a truly representative man like them, and yet superior to them, in Mr. GATHORNE HARDY. With exalted intelligence and indomitable courage he sets before Parliament and the nation the inmost feelings and the traditional opinions of the honest, mediocre, everyday Conservative. He equally with the silliest young aristocrat of his party adopts the unadulterated, unhesitating tenets of the party, of uncompromising but legal and honourable resistance. Shoot down the Irish till they spin cotton is the simple maxim of his school. Such men are a great power in England, and theoretically all constitutional philosophers agree in congratulating England that there is such an element of peace, sobriety, and moderation in the country. It is thus that the dim, confused views of farmers, curates, and most first-class passengers on suburban railways obtain an authoritative and respectable expression; and if we once get away from the circles of educated Liberals in London, and of enthusiastic Nonconformists and Radicals in large boroughs, the old-fashioned, unreasoning, deeply-feeling Tory element seems so strong everywhere that we may well wonder how it happens that in the face of it the Government of England has for many years been always in the hands of the opponents of Toryism, or in the hands of Tories who, to retain office, have been



obliged to borrow the ideas of those whom they profess to dislike and despise.

Quite a different section of the Conservative party is composed of the very great peers, the landowners owning almost entire halves or quarters of counties, men born to take a leading position in English social and political life, and to rule the neighbourhoods in which they live. They expect to take a prominent part, not only in local but in Imperial business, and they come to Parliament to represent themselves as much as to represent the peerage generally. The existence of such men in the English aristocracy gives it dignity and importance, but locally often exhibits it in its worst side. It is not, we think, conducive to the happiness of life, or to its refinement, or to the self-respect of honourable men, that such an influence should be exercised by one peer in any part of England as is exercised in his own territory by the Duke of BEAUFORT. But such men appear in a much more favourable light when they apply themselves with competent ability to the business of public life, and take advantage of their great social importance to make themselves masters of the affairs of the country. Lord DERBY furnishes an example of this section of the party fully equal to any that could be desired. The object of this section is one which, it must be owned, is quite a legitimate one. They wish to have a fair share, at the very least, in the government of the country. They want to rule, to show their power, and to test their ideas, in the actual administration of business. They naturally decide, in a great measure, what the Conservative party shall do, and what it shall not do, in critical moments. They lean, therefore, to an alliance with whatever is adventurous in their party; they welcome outsiders, and even very irregular and doubtful Conservatives, if they can thus strengthen their hold on the public, and make their rule more popular. In recent years they have found such an ally in Mr. DISRAELI. It was the countenance and support of Lord DERBY that made Mr. DISRAELI's leadership possible, and the two were strong enough at a critical moment to impose on the great bulk of the party a measure wholly distasteful to them, and utterly alien to their principles and traditions. They have always seen that great cleverness, and manifest, undeniable ability, recognised by the public, were what they wanted in those who were to help them to rule, and not something of an approximation to their own hereditary importance. They have now installed Lord CAIRNS in the leadership of the House of Lords, indifferent to the reluctance of smaller peers to be ruled over by an Orange barrister, and only desirous to create and keep alive the impression that their party offers a special and exceptional career to men of great ability. In the same way they were content for years to uphold the leadership of Lord LYNCHURST. The public respected the party for being led by a man of such eminent powers of mind, and the party gained lustre by offering so brilliant a position to a man who had made his own fortune. In ordinary times these rulers of the Conservatives, the men of exceptionally great territorial importance, and the men of exceptionally great intellectual eminence, lead the mass of the party as they please. Sometimes they suddenly, as in the case of the Reform Bill, impose on this pliant body a great sacrifice, and make an immense demand on their devotion. Sometimes, as at present, they throw themselves into the passions of their humbler supporters, and raise a great shout of good old Tory battle.

But they are not unopposed or free from all control, for there is a third section of the party, small in numbers generally, but of high political consideration, and able in a gentle way to appeal, not unsuccessfully, to the mass of the Conservatives. These are the Parliamentary leaders who, being by birth or accident or conviction Conservatives, yet look on Conservatism as only one side of English politics, who understand Liberals, and are, to a great extent, in harmony with them, and who always live in an atmosphere of good sense, and think of the nation as much as of their party. Lord STANLEY, if he is to be called a Conservative at all, is one of the most conspicuous of these men. He would at the present moment be a very damping chairman at an exuberant Orange gathering. But it is perhaps not fair, either to him or to the party, to put him in any classification of Conservatives. The prominent members of the section of Conservatives of which we are speaking are Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON in one House, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON in the other. They are men of different degrees of ability, certainly, but they all agree in the mode in which they judge, and in the spirit in which they approach public affairs. They may be described as Liberals who on many points come to Conservative conclusions, but

their idea is to look to what the nation wants, not to get a Conservative triumph. Lord SALISBURY was one of the most zealous debaters on behalf of his party, but when he got into office he governed India with a passion for progress altogether out of the compass of ordinary Whig officials. Lord CARNARVON gave up office rather than aid in passing Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill; but when the Suspensory Bill came before the Lords, he separated from his party because he felt himself driven back into an examination of the principles which the maintenance of the Irish Church involves. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON are men of much less mark, but they are on the same plane of political thought. We should like to know what political compromise Sir JOHN PAKINGTON would not accept, or what office he would not at ten minutes' notice think himself competent to hold. Not that he is a mere office-seeker, but he feels as if nature had made him *in omnia paratus* to a really remarkable extent. This is the line of Conservatism, it may be added, which is substantially taken by the only Conservative organ that ordinary people ever see. The *Standard* fights, of course, for its party, and worships its leaders, but it always considers how questions may be regarded by persons who are aware that Conservatism is not the only conceivable type of political opinion. And it is admirably seconded in this by its excellent staff of foreign Correspondents, who not only give the greatest amount of readable information as to foreign countries which is to be found in any one periodical, but treat every subject in a vein of gushing Liberal enthusiasm. How great is the practical influence of this section of the Conservatives no one exactly knows. It may possibly next week show itself greater than is expected; or it may very probably seem to be almost eclipsed, now that an appeal has been made by determined leaders to the passions and prejudices of the mass. But in quieter times, and under more favourable circumstances, it may grow very rapidly, and in the next ten years it is conceivable that the real guidance and leadership of the party may rest quite as much with the section now represented by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON as with that now represented by Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS.

#### COLONIAL POLICY.

MR. ADDERLEY has recently published the first part of what is intended to be a sort of constitutional history of our colonies, combined with an exposition of his own theory of colonial government. Something of the same sort was done by Earl GREY, after he had long administered the Colonial Office; and one of Mr. ADDERLEY's main objects is to demonstrate the fallacy of Earl GREY's policy, and to set up a rival theory of his own in its place. Mr. ADDERLEY's long devotion to the subject entitles his arguments to consideration, even from those who are unable to see in them much more than transparent fallacies; and, apart from the special views of which he has made himself the advocate, his narrative may be accepted, as far as it has yet gone, as a substantially accurate account of the relations which have from time to time existed between Great Britain and her numerous offspring.

The changes in this respect have been very remarkable. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS revived an almost forgotten fact when he reminded the men of our day that the early colonies of this country were almost entirely independent except in their external commercial relations. The *régime* of Protection determined alike our home and colonial policy. The colonies communicated only with the Board of Trade, and so long as they supplied us with an exclusive market no one thought of meddling with their own management of internal affairs. As the natural correlative of this independence the colonies assumed the duty of self-protection, and instead of murmuring at the withdrawal of British troops they were apt to resent as an encroachment the appearance of English red-coats to save them from dangers which they considered themselves well able to ward off by their own unassisted efforts. The Protection theory of colonial government broke down with the insane attempt to impose taxes by Imperial authority; and when the failure of the system was manifested by the successful revolt of the North American colonies, an entirely new method of administration was attempted. For a long time protection was continued more as a boon to the colonists than to ourselves, but the leading idea which came into vogue was no longer that of political independence, but of centralized control. The assumption of the right of more energetic interference on the part of the Mother-country necessarily led to the not yet exploded theory that the colonies were entitled to rely almost exclusively on England for their defence. British troops maintained at the expense of this country were not only tole-

rated but expected by all our colonies, and the new *régime* was based upon the idea that it was the function of England to govern and to defend all her outlying provinces. The system sapped at once the old sturdy self-reliance of the provincials, and the striving for political liberty which had been so marked a characteristic of what are now the United States. For infant settlements the plan was sufficiently unobjectionable; but no statesmen could have expected or desired the continuance of a relation which could not fail to enervate the colonial mind. And one after another our provinces began to outgrow this maternal coddling. Demands were made for more and more of the powers of self-government without any corresponding relaxation of the demand for protection, and after a short interval we drifted into the transition period with which Lord GREY's name is so largely associated. Constitutions were granted freely framed on the English model, but in two important respects they all differed from their prototype. In the first place, the power and influence of the Crown, which had been constantly dwindling in our own Constitution, was represented in the case of the colonies by the far from unobtrusive action of an English Minister, while, on the other hand, the colonists, though greedy for self-government, still claimed as of right to be relieved by England from the duty of self-defence. There was a sort of balance in this arrangement, and Lord GREY considered that England might well afford the rather considerable military expense entailed upon her, in consideration of the substantial control which she still exercised over her half-emancipated children. And during this period a large leaven of the old protection theory remained. Colonial ships and colonial goods were favoured by discriminating privileges, and the colonists certainly did not submit to what they would now regard as dictation without getting a very substantial equivalent. But this, like the former system, was essentially transitory, and though the Crown (represented by the Colonial Office) still exercised its authority more energetically in their affairs than in those of Great Britain, it has for many years been abating its pretensions, and allowing the provincial Legislatures to assume an almost complete independence. The adoption of free trade largely increased this tendency, and the present policy of withdrawing British troops and looking to the colonies to defend themselves in the absence of special emergencies, is a natural consequence of the now-prevailing policy, though not always recognised as such by even the most independent of our colonial possessions.

Mr. ADDERLEY raises the question, what is to be the end of all these changes? Increasing strength and a growing desire for complete self-government can have only one of two goals. Either the colonies will become, at some future and probably distant day, independent of the Crown of Great Britain, or else they must assume the position rather of allies than dependents, with something in the nature of a federal bond to unite them to the Mother-country. This alternative is beginning to be understood in the North American provinces better than it is at home; and, while the idea of an actual severance is repugnant to their feelings, the necessity for some better link than the Colonial Office supplies is becoming apparent to many of their leading statesmen. Something of this sort seems at one time to have commended itself to Mr. ADDERLEY, but he fears that, however acceptable it might be to Canadians and Australians, any participation by such distant kinsmen in the conduct of Imperial affairs would be too great an innovation to commend itself to Englishmen. Practically contradicting his own condemnation of Lord GREY's policy, Mr. ADDERLEY assumes that the only possible bond that can permanently unite England and her colonies must be supplied by the ultimate supremacy of a purely British Parliament. There is not much assurance of permanence in such a system, and the best-disposed colonies are apt to resent this kind of home control as almost an impertinence. It would be otherwise if they had a voice in the central body, and though a change of this kind is not to be anticipated at present, we are by no means satisfied that some form of confederation between England and the principal colonies may not be the ultimate issue of the constitutional government which has been conceded to them. Mr. ADDERLEY has persuaded himself that colonial self-government, subject to a continually decreasing measure of English control and influence, may go on for ever without either ripening into a Constitution which shall embrace the whole Empire or culminating in ultimate independence. We believe that to one or other of these conclusions our whole colonial history is pointing; and now that Canada is as near in time to London as Edinburgh once was, there are no physical difficulties which can be regarded as insurmountable in the way of a closer and more equal political connexion. But for the present

these are mere speculations, and though we may foresee that the tide must in course of time drift us into the one haven or the other, Mr. ADDERLEY is probably right in assuming that the existing relations may last for many years to come without material alteration. In the form which they have already nearly reached, and which they are certain soon to assume, they will be in many respects advantageous to both parties to the bargain. The colonies, practically self-governing and taking their own share of the duty of defence, will no longer impose unreasonable burdens on this country, while something a little closer than the most intimate alliance will continue to knit their fortunes with ours, both in peace and war. Mr. ADDERLEY's mistake is, we think, in assuming that a union so very little more than one of sentiment can be expected to sustain itself in all emergencies without some more definite political connexion. If we are destined to lose what little remains of English supremacy, it will become a necessity either to acquiesce in the loss or to replace it by some form of confederation; and the ultimate dismemberment or perpetual union of the various parts of our Empire as it exists will turn upon the question, which another generation may have to solve, whether federal relations in some shape may or may not be found to be practicable. If not, the present phase of colonial government seems not less transitory than those which preceded it.

#### REACTION.

IN various ways we hear a good deal of the Reaction against the Irish Church Bill. It were strange if we did not hear of it. Reaction makes noise enough to be heard. In every variety of tone, and with every conceivable and inconceivable oddity of gesture and gesticulation, Reaction now howls and roars, and now pipes and whimpers and screams. In Ireland, as befits Ireland, Reaction roars in 'Ercles vein, threatens civil war, and rejoices in the revival of the savoury memories of the Boyne and Aughrim. Mr. JOHNSTONE shouts Ha, ha! and neighs for the battle. But Ulster has lately flowed over into Middlesex, and a band of Ulster Protestants have fraternized with Mr. COLQUHOUN and gentlemen of his set, and the National Club, Whitehall Gardens, echoes with the genuine brogue and bluster of Orangeism. The deputations from Ireland do not earn our English hospitality for nothing, and the first appearance of Mr. MACRORY and a good many other decidedly Ulster names on English platforms, at great City meetings, great meetings at the various large towns, great meetings in Protestant Tyburnia and Westbournia, and still more Protestant Cheltenham, let us know, if we are disposed to know, what manner of men the HAMILTONS and BUTLERS and GROGANS and VANCES and VANDELEURS are. We can hardly understand that all these meetings and deputations mean more than this. The Irish Orangemen and Protestants of the peculiarly Irish Protestant type have come over to England, and have made many speeches. The old No Popery blusterers familiar to us in England have also been equal to the occasion. Dr. TRESHAM GREGGS has poured out the lava floods of his fiery vituperation in Dublin; the babbling springs of the eloquence of Mr. CHARLEY and Mr. HARPER have been perennial about Hanover Square. But there is nothing new in all this. It hardly comes up to the notion of Reaction. There might be a reaction, but upon the plainest notion of the word, Reaction means that somebody or somebodies, or some considerable section of the community, have changed their minds. Is it so? How do we stand differently from where we stood last autumn? Then, as now, there was a very considerable, and in a certain sense important, majority, not only in the English counties, but in several large towns, against Mr. GLADSTONE; and in many other places there was an active, though not a large, minority in the elections, as in the metropolitan boroughs. What exists now existed then. Mr. MORGAN HOWARD made many speeches about Lambeth last year, as he is making many speeches about London generally this year. The sentiments of Mr. R. C. L. BEVAN and Mr. FOWLER were well known, and certainly were appreciated by a good many City men during the elections; neither those opinions nor the appreciation of them have changed. We have now the same men in the same attitude. But Reaction, if it means anything, ought to be able to point either to its converts from the opposite faith, or to some distinguished names borne by those who twelve months ago were inactive or irresolute or uncertain about the Irish Church Bill, or who had declined to pledge themselves, but who now are openly with the No Popery and Protestant Ascendency party. Is it so? Is it not rather the other way? Is there not a significant absence of notables from the echoing halls of Willis's Rooms and St.



James's Hall? Last year, if we remember rightly, a fervid, but astute, Archbishop, who thinks that he knows the beats of the popular pulse, announced that "We in the House of Lords should know how to deal with the Bill when it got there." Well, the Bill has got there, and we in the House of Lords do not seem quite to have made up our minds what to do with the Bill. At any rate Dr. THOMSON has not made a political speech or stood on a political platform from that time to this. Last year the clergy assembled and pronounced and threatened. We do not observe at any of these London meetings the presence of any of the clergy of mark, although to a man, or nearly so, they dislike the Bill. Not that the clerical trumpet has not been solemnly invoked; we know that the sword of the LORD and of GIDEON has been specially appealed to. Last Saturday's *Globe* contained a long and serious admonition to the clergy to be up and doing during the present week—that is, to tune the pulpits; and copies of the *Globe* containing this authoritative mandate were sent about largely to the English incumbents, of course post-free, with what result their congregations may have had, or will have, the opportunity of judging. The Reaction seems to be, that whereas last year a great many people thought it not impossible that Mr. GLADSTONE might get no majority at all, and not at all unlikely that the majority would be small, and were in consequence very active and energetic before the elections and in the elections, now that the verdict has been pronounced their agitation ceases. If there is a Reaction, it seems that, in many very important particulars, the Reaction is rather the other way.

It becomes, therefore, a curious inquiry to see what account the Orangemen and the English No Popery people give of the rise and progress of this imaginary Reaction of theirs—how it has come about, and what enlightenment has at last broken upon the general public. The only intimation of the reasons for this change which we have found are curious and recondite enough. The speakers at the recent meetings seem to put it in this way. The majority in Parliament consisted principally, besides the Irish Romanist members, of Scotch members, and of English members for constituencies where Dissent and principles akin to Dissent prevailed. These constituencies were deceived, and have now found out their mistake. The Scotch Presbyterians thought that their brethren and co-religionists the Irish Presbyterians were in favour of disestablishment and disendowment, and they now discover that the Ulster Presbyterians are very much in favour of the Regium Donum, whatever they thought last year, or think now, about bishops, priests, and deacons. But the Scotch Presbyterians are now with their Irish brethren; only, unfortunately, there are no hustings and no elections on which to show their change of opinion. So, again, last year the Dissenters voted for Mr. GLADSTONE's nominees because they thought that he was going to pull down, disestablish, and disendow the bloated English Establishment offhand and at once. They now find out, as they might have found out then, that he is only going to treat Maynooth and the Roman Catholic community with equal justice; and this they now, though very tardily, discover to be trafficking with the Scarlet Lady, bowing down to the abominations of Babylon and all the rest of it. This the Scotch Presbyterians and the English Dissenters did not know last year; but they do know it this year. Hence their altered sentiments. This is the real and important genesis of the Reaction, and this account of it deserves the credit of ingenuity. But suppose all this to be true, and it never can be proved, what does it amount to but that the constituencies at the late general election do not represent the national sentiment? And then the difficulty occurs that the great political party which opposes the Irish Church Bill is responsible for the new constitution of household suffrage, the very first result of which is the return of a Parliament which does not, *ex hypothesi*, represent the nation. To say that the constituencies last year were under a delusion, did not know what they were about, and were unable to understand what their votes meant—which is what we are now told—is but a sorry compliment to Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI. If there is any party in the State to which this view of the situation pays a compliment, it is to that of Lord SALISBURY; but then Lord SALISBURY is not in favour of the unconditional rejection of the Bill. Altogether, this explanation of the Reaction only increases the complication for the Orangemen.

We are, however, perhaps wrong in attributing to Reaction this merely shadowy and conceptional existence. Reaction at any rate discharges some corporeal functions, and exhibits some

of the outward signs of material and active life. Reaction eats and drinks. It has begun its ephemeral existence by a morning meal; and the *déjeuner* of Wednesday at Willis's Rooms is a sign that Orangeism, like love, cannot survive without corn and wine. The "supporters of the United Church of England and Scotland in London" have feasted deputations from the Irish Church and the Hiberno-Presbyterian Church. But just as at the City meeting it was a Wesleyan who took the chair, so at Willis's Rooms the Church of England was not. The Dean of Ripon, Dr. McNEILE, was the solitary representative of coldly sympathetic Anglicanism; but we must do him the justice to say that this "great and good man" made up for the Laodicean indifference of his spiritual fellows and brethren. And then there was Dr. CUMMING, who of course hangs on to the coat-tails of Establishmentism wherever it is to be found, and probably agrees with Dr. McNEILE that Holy Russia, where the Czar is *mixta persona*, half king and half priest, or perhaps that the Lamaism of Thibet, is the true ideal of the union of Church and State. The House of Commons was not unworthily represented by Mr. NEWDEGATE, who saluted himself as the foremost Constitutionalist of the day, and all the available Irish Bishops were present to eat and to drink and to talk. Nobody can complain of this. But we must respectfully suggest that we cannot see the good of this sort of demonstration, except as regards the spread of the unwholesome practice of eating and drinking largely before dinner. The *déjeuner* is a sufficient symbol of what is meant by Reaction. It is a good thing perhaps, but comes at the wrong time of day. The speakers on Wednesday were quite equal to their old reputation; but now they seem out of place and time. All that they said this week they said last year. The very same arguments, the very same vague terrors and doubts, the old quotations about the Canon Law, the same pious and, in a sense, not unnatural, horror of Maynooth. The orators had months upon months for enforcing their views on the public mind, and all through last year they turned their tongues and pens consistently to the task. And with what results? A majority of 115 against them in the House of Commons. To go on with all this eloquence and vituperation now looks very much like flogging a dead horse. The speakers impress those who were impressed before and are impressed still, and who want no more impressing; but when they ask us to believe that they are impressing their opponents, that the tide is on the turn, and that the national sentiment is with them, we ask for some tangible evidence of their loose, hazy assertions, even from the Dukes of RUTLAND and ABERCORN and Lord HARROWBY. If noble lords and senators like to bask in a fool's paradise, it is idle to grudge them their sun or parhelion.

It is some relief at least to common sense to turn from the haze and afterglow of Willis's Rooms to the manly, vigorous, blustering talk of Orangeism when not on its pretty behaviour in Whitehall Gardens and Pall Mall. Commend us rather to the man, especially the spiritual man, of Killyman county Tyrone. At Killyman they don't talk of Canon Law, but of that *ultima ratio* of good Protestantism "ready to take the Minié rifle and to march to the Boyne as their fathers were." This was the lay Chairman's keynote, as the reporters call it, and the drum ecclesiastic beat in unison. As the Rev. Mr. ELLIS remarked, "they were there to tell Mr. GLADSTONE that if he used brute force, so could they." Or, as the Rev. LESLIE CARTER expressed it with a difference, Orangemen of the North would know the reason why. And "as only the Channel rolled between them, they would march to the House of Commons, and compel their enemies to be silent." We trust this threat will not be lost on the Admiralty and the Channel Fleet. The Rev. HENRY HENDERSON declared that, if the Government pursued their present policy, they would have another Derry and another Boyne; and that eminent pastor of Presbyterianism and peace, the Rev. R. C. DONNEL, has gone so far in his martial preparations for rebellion that he sees his way to getting "those guns"—they must by this time be valuable pieces of ordnance—"which chased Papist 'JAMES from the walls of Derry, and they should have them to fight for the truth, for their God, and for their Bible." If we are to have threatened rebellion, and the glorious promise of civil war, we must say that we prefer it hot and strong, and with the genuine usquebaugh twang from "renowned Killyman," rather than spouted by gentle Lord HARROWBY in the mild and diluted tea-drinking at Willis's Rooms.

## MAZZINI AND ITALY.

MAZZINI has lately addressed a letter, marked with his peculiar eloquence, to his "enemies," consisting of the Italian Government and of the supporters of the monarchy. For forty years his enemies, though they have differed in person and in nation and in character, have so far occupied the same position that they have been the constituted authorities of the whole or of parts of Italy. His earliest efforts were directed against CHARLES ALBERT of Piedmont, who, having abandoned his early Liberal professions, was excusably supposed to have become a vassal of Austria. The Dukes who reigned under foreign protection over central Italy, the King of NAPLES, and above all the POPE, were necessarily regarded by the enthusiastic advocate of national unity and freedom as objects of uncompromising hostility. Notwithstanding his many errors of judgment, and partly through the force of his passionate intolerance, MAZZINI did much to create a sentiment of national patriotism; but his sectarian fanaticism regarded the form of a republic as not less indispensable than the substance of unity and independence. It was in vain to remind him that regular troops could only be encountered by regular troops, and that, while Republican agitators were prating of knives and of daggers, the King of SARDINIA had the power of aiding the cause with a hardy and disciplined army. On the eve of the movement of 1848, MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, in the name of a secret society of Italian patriots, obtained from CHARLES ALBERT a pledge, afterwards faithfully redeemed, that he would give his life, the lives of his sons, and the resources of his kingdom to the struggle with Austria, as soon as the fit moment arrived. When, in 1848, the KING invaded Lombardy and Venetia, MAZZINI held aloof; and even now he is not ashamed to designate the Royal adventurer as the betrayer of Milan. Ten years later CAUVOUR resumed, by the acquisition of Lombardy and of the Duchies, the enterprise which had been interrupted at Novara. Naples and Sicily were next won by GARIBALDI, and the Roman Legations by CIALDINI; and, finally, Venice and its territories were annexed to the kingdom of Italy, in consequence of the events of 1866. It might have been thought that the all but complete attainment of Italian unity would have satisfied in some degree the most sanguine patriot; but MAZZINI hates a King of Italy as bitterly as if he were an Austrian Viceroy, and he denounces as treason the compulsory acquiescence of the Government in the French protectorate of Rome. "You have," he says, "abandoned Rome to the Papal phantom, and silently submitted to be told by a French Minister that she should never be yours." "You possessed a frontier line, unique in Europe, and almost insuperable; and you have broken it by yielding up Nice and Savoy to the foreigner who already held Rome." In other words, the Government and the nation have shrunk from engaging in a desperate conflict with a potentate of overwhelming superiority of force who was also an acknowledged benefactor. There is not the smallest reason to believe that an Italian Republic, even if it had adopted a bolder policy, could have offered effectual resistance to the power of France. The unique and insuperable frontier of the Alps offers no sufficient defence as long as it can be turned by troops landing on the South-Western coast. Any attempt of the Government to assert its independence would be hampered by the internal disaffection which is incessantly propagated by MAZZINI and his partisans. He states indeed that he opposed a rising which had been prepared at Milan for the 18th of April; but he boldly announces that, when occasion serves, his party will meet force by force. As if with a consciousness that the chronic prosecution of the business of conspiracy requires an apology, he offers to abstain from secret machinations if he is allowed to propound his Republican doctrines in the press and at public meetings; and he even intimates that he would relinquish the agitation for political changes if his country were not dishonoured by the Roman occupation. There are generally concessions which would satisfy malcontents and rebels; but no established Government can allow a private man to dictate its policy, with the alternative of insurrection if his views are not adopted.

The Federal Council of Switzerland, on the demand of the Italian Government, has lately induced the Council of State of Ticino to refuse MAZZINI permission to reside within the limits of the Canton, and, as might be expected, the subservient timidity which refuses hospitality to exiles affords an excuse for indignant remonstrance. As a general rule, it is perhaps expedient that political refugees should be allowed an asylum in neighbouring countries. French Republicans, from time to time, plot in Leicester Square, and Irish Fenians in Paris; but small neutral Powers, such as Belgium and Switzerland, are compelled to pay some deference to the complaints of

neighbouring Governments. Although it is probable that the sympathies of a Republican people are on the side of MAZZINI, it is not the business of the Swiss to remodel the political institutions of Italy. MAZZINI's arguments for a Republic are legitimate, though not conclusive; but they have no bearing on the right of conspiracy and rebellion. If he were contented to trust to reason alone, or rather to boldness of assertion, he might perhaps persuade his countrymen that in America "public offices are bestowed on merit and virtue." The Americans themselves, if their all but unanimous testimony can be believed, have found by painful experience that under their political institutions merit and virtue are fatal disqualifications for office. In the greatest States the votes in the Legislatures are habitually sold, and private and public character are equally disregarded in the choice of Federal Representatives. The "stratum of corruption" which the Italian monarchy is "superimposing on the many, with which the heart of the nation is burdened," can scarcely be denser or grosser than the similar formation which is annually deposited by universal suffrage as a burden on the heart of the city of New York.

It is not altogether improbable that MAZZINI may be justified in his anticipation of a future Republic in Italy, and in some other European countries. Spain has lately found with surprise that it is becoming difficult to establish a new dynasty after the overthrow of a throne; and it is nearly certain that if the French Empire is destroyed, a Republic will be preferred to a constitutional monarchy. It would seem that the confident expectation of success ought to supersede the necessity of Republican plots and rebellions; and, according to MAZZINI, the Roman question would be easily settled by the national will operating under Republican institutions. In the meantime it is hardly worth while to quote a tirade of LAMENNAIS, to the effect that those who win back their confiscated rights are likely to be denounced as rebels—"Rebels against whom? There is no rebellion possible, save against the true Sovereign, and how can the people rebel against the people?" Revolutionary logic always disregards history as well as probability; LAMENNAIS died before the people of the Southern American States rebelled, as their act was described, against the people of the North. The not impossible case of a monarchy approved by the great majority of the people would not disturb the convictions or the policy of a genuine revolutionary agitator. In 1848, the most earnest and consistent French Republicans opposed the convocation of a National Assembly, on the express ground that the majority would probably be opposed to the Republic. If it were possible to ascertain whether MAZZINI's opinions are held by the greater number of the whole population of Italy, the question would still remain whether the monarchy may not more truly represent the real interests and the genuine will of the nation. The revolution which has liberated Italy was organized and completed by the educated classes, when the Lombard peasantry was tolerant of Austrian dominion, and while the BOURBON tyrant was popular with the rabble of Naples. The Piedmontese, who alone contributed a serious military force, are, notwithstanding their discontent with the removal of the Court from Turin to Florence, still warmly attached to the ancient House of Savoy. If the Southern provinces and Sicily were polled, it is possible that the fallen dynasty might be preferred both to the reigning family and to the unknown Republic; and the majority of the clergy throughout Italy prefer the supremacy of Rome to the greatness and the unity of the nation. Intelligence and discipline have, with the powerful aid of France, and afterwards in concert with Prussia, prevailed over local prejudices and indifference; and even if MAZZINI were to succeed in establishing a Republic, he would but inherit a national unity created by his present antagonists. He may indeed boast that, with GARIBALDI and other gallant associates, he once occupied, in the name of the Republic, the capital which is still out of the reach of the KING and his Government. The Triumvirate is not to be blamed for yielding to the irresistible force of the French army; but it is idle to reproach the monarchy with inability to retrieve the loss, or to impute to the Government as crimes the melancholy results of revolutionary folly which were attained at Aspromonte and at Mentana. Errors have undoubtedly been committed in domestic and foreign policy, and more especially in naval and military administration; but conspiracy is a clumsy and mischievous remedy for political mistakes.

The constant refusal to acknowledge the difficulties which surround the Roman question is characteristic of MAZZINI and his sect. The POPE himself, in his Allocutions, scarcely exceeds the Republican zealots in habitual disregard for existing



facts. Even if the French garrison were withdrawn from Rome, the violent overthrow of the temporal Papacy would involve Italy in dangerous internal dissensions, and perhaps in the grave inconvenience of a religious schism. Sooner or later the risk must be faced by any Government which may at the time represent the Italian nation; but the wisest statesmen will not be hasty to precipitate the conflict. A Republic might possess some advantage over a monarchy in the contest, inasmuch as it would oppose political to religious fanaticism; but the destruction of the power of Rome would not be accomplished without serious internal convulsions. Although MAZZINI earnestly, and no doubt sincerely, disclaims the wish to found his Republic on terror or on anarchy, he would, in attacking at the same time the Church and the actual institutions of the State, be forced to rely on the aid of the professed enemies of property and of order. The extreme Republicans of France and Spain have loudly proclaimed the wildest doctrines of revolution, and some Italian democrats took part in the most extravagant discussions of the Peace Congress which undertook at Geneva to promote universal war. The Italian Government would, perhaps, display prudence as well as boldness if it were to accept MAZZINI's challenge by permitting him to propagate his opinions by public discussion; but it is difficult for those who are accustomed to unlimited license of speech to judge of the danger of rhetorical appeals to an inflammable population. In the United States the law recognises no political offence short of insurrection; and English practice is almost equally liberal. In Ireland it becomes from time to time necessary to impose a certain restraint on oral sedition, although, as a general rule, speakers as well as writers indulge with perfect safety in the propagation of treason. As Englishmen are but spectators, with no right to interfere in Italian disputes, it perhaps matters little that they are incapable of understanding how Italy can derive advantage from plots against the Government.

#### THE MOLD RIOTS.

IT is so seldom that we have riots attended with loss of life in this country, and the sight of soldiers firing on an infuriated and violent mob is happily so rare, that it is only right that an occurrence like the fatal affray at Mold should be scrutinized with great jealousy. Colliers are everywhere a turbulent and ignorant set of men, and in Wales the wild, violent character of the people, added to the coarseness of a rude class, produces a very savage compound. The Welsh collier stands alone. He is rude, jealous, ignorant, and easily provoked. The Mold colliers had, or fancied they had, a grievance against an English manager, and proceeded to exercise very summary injustice against the object of their hatred. They deported him and his goods, and also committed an assault. For this offence six or eight of the colliers were arrested and punished, not very severely, two only being sentenced to imprisonment. The evil spirit of Mold was fairly roused, and it was determined by the colliers that the prisoners should not go to gaol. This determination became known to the local authorities, and a small military force was despatched to aid the police in getting the convicted rioters off by railway. Everything was prepared on both sides. On the side of order were the magistrates, police, and soldiers. On the other side were ranged a mob of two thousand people, full of rage and vengeance. It was not *furor arma ministrat*, but the provident care of the road surveyor, which provided an inexhaustible store of the choicest pebbles and small rocks, which the brutal insurgents availed themselves of to the uttermost. They riddled the railway station; they put the police and soldiers, or at least most of them, out of all fighting powers with great celerity. And the summary of the scene described by the Chief Constable is this:—Volleys of stones darkened the air; the police and soldiers were knocked over on every side; Captain BLAKE, the officer in command, was appealed to for an order to fire; he refused; the mob only got more violent, and the lapidation more severe; the railway was assaulted and mastered, and the civil and military force surrounded. The soldiers, maddened with their wounds and the fall of their comrades, of course wished to fire, but Captain BLAKE, though himself wounded, gave no sign; so far did this tenderness to the savage mob prevail, that it is in evidence that the officers clung to their men who were levelling their rifles, and prevented their firing. Matters got worse and worse, as the rioters saw that they were treated with such entire impunity, till at last Captain BLAKE ordered his men to fire. They fired over the heads of the people, and the result was killing an innocent looker-on, though it seems that at length the soldiers took some aim and killed four people. All this lasted at least a quarter of an hour. Fifteen minutes

is, perhaps, a short time; but just let us picture what fifteen minutes means with some hundreds of very willing hands dealing lumps of stone into men whose order, position, and uniform made them the easiest of marks.

We are told to admire the patience of the soldiers, and the admirable fortitude and courage of their officers; and we are, we believe, also commanded to survey with sympathy that respect for human life which was displayed by the Mold magistrates in declining to read the Riot Act, and in putting off to the last moment their call on the military to use their rifles. Our hearts may be as hard as the stony pebbles which the Mold colliers used with such deadly effect, but we entertain no such feelings. Rather we own to a very distinct and solid indignation against both officers and magistrates for their foolish and long-suffering abstinence from doing their duty. No doubt there is a sort of justification for them. That old superstition of reading the Riot Act had not been complied with. And here we venture to ask how many of our readers know what the Riot Act is, and can recite its provisions, which we trust are not sixty seconds long? Captain BLAKE was waiting for the magistrate's order; and the magistrate was waiting perhaps for this bogey Riot Act, perhaps for his spectacles. It was the old story of the Earl of CHATHAM and Sir RICHARD STRAHAN. But, as Mr. Secretary BRUCE observes, it was not necessary to read this precious Riot Act; in point of fact, after all it was not read here at Mold, perhaps for the best of reasons, because it was not there to be read. And now to apportion the blame. Captain BLAKE would not suffer his men to fire because he had not received the magistrate's order. This is the military superstition that soldiers in the presence of civil authorities and a breach of the peace are no longer ordinary citizens with all the rights, duties, and responsibilities of citizens to quell a riot, to arrest rioters, and to use such arms, if any, as they happen to have in hand for those objects and for their own personal defence. Military men think that when summoned by the civil power they are under the orders of the civil power, and cease to have any duties except those which the magistrate calls upon them to discharge. The distinction is this, that soldiers may do all these things on their own military or even private responsibility, but that when called upon by the civil power they must do so. Just as in a street we may collar a pickpocket or a garrotter; we may, or may not do it, according to our own sense of duty; but when called upon by a police constable, we must aid and assist in securing the QUEEN'S peace and arresting felons. Such is every private soldier's duty as a citizen in the eyes of the common law. But a soldier is subject to another authority. He cannot while on duty do any one of these things without orders from his commanding officer. On Captain BLAKE, therefore, devolved the double duty, first of quelling a riot, as he and everybody else ought to do, and next, as by military law he had acquired a special responsibility, of preserving the lives of his men, and of using such means, and with such despatch and energy, as should disarm those who were wounding and disabling his soldiers by scores and every minute. We regret to say that by a mistake, perhaps a venial one, Captain BLAKE discharged neither duty. He did nothing for at least fifteen minutes to keep the public peace; rather he did everything to encourage the rioters, by allowing them for a quarter of an hour to make a target of the supposed defenders of order; and he did nothing because he was not asked to do so when there was no necessity that he should be asked. This was his mistake as a citizen; and as a military man, we should rather be disposed to a suspicion that he might, under military law, be made responsible, if any charge for neglect of duty and needlessly imperilling the lives and limbs of his company were to be brought against him.

The result is, that Captain BLAKE did less than his duty because he was hampered by the superstition—as we have already called it—of the necessity of a military force being empowered by the magistrates to defend their lives; and that the Mold magistrates again did less than their duty, because they were hampered by the other old superstition about reading the Riot Act. On the whole, it may be considered that these twin superstitions have their value in putting a wholesome antecedent check on military zeal, and what perhaps may be the dear delight of pulling a trigger against a noisy and turbulent crowd; but in our careful regard that a riot should grow into very portentous dimensions before we attempt to deal with it by force, it may happen, as it did on this melancholy occasion, that we have done great wrong to the unfortunate policemen and soldiers who, while guardians of the peace, were restrained from defending either the peace or their own lives and limbs.

## STYLE.

THERE are few topics which furnish more fruitful material for conversation and discussion of all kinds than literary style. It is a subject on which every reader thinks himself entitled to have an opinion, and with respect to which few see any reason why one man's opinion should not be as good as another's. If your neighbour at a dinner-party chooses to remark that he (or she) thinks Mr. Tupper's style incomparably superior to Tennyson's, you accept the remark with the same unruffled tranquillity with which, a few minutes earlier, you may have heard the preference given to peas over asparagus, or mackerel over salmon. It is generally esteemed a *dilettante*, indolent sort of topic. Concurrently with this, two other notions are commonly held—first, that the style of an author can be criticized independently of his matter; secondly, that a good style is the result of luck, or chance, or genius, or something equally inexplicable and unamenable to rules and laws. And thus it is not unusual for a person to say that he regards a writer as contemptible in intellect, in knowledge, in truth, but as having an admirable style.

We do not entirely hold with this way of looking at the subject. True, the positive material, the amount of thought and experience which an author contributes to the world, is the chief thing to be considered in estimating the value of his work. With bad material, or with lack of material, a writer is at once condemned; while it would be much too bold a thing to say, having the examples of Kant and Bentham before our eyes, that a bad style necessarily means a bad book. But yet we are quite sure that style is a much more solid and important thing than is often supposed; that what are held to be superficial beauties, pleasing to the ear or to the imagination, do, if genuine, indicate some mastery over realities unknown to those who have not such grace or beauty of language; and, in fine, that the subject is one practically useful to discuss, not merely with a view to the increase of literary enjoyment, but also with a view to the increase of knowledge, and the classification and development of experience.

Style is of least importance where the subject-matter is naturally clear and definite, as is the case in most branches of physical investigation. In botany or geology, no such subtlety of reasoning is implied in the fundamental conceptions as would necessitate conspicuous powers of illustration and exposition. To make discoveries in these sciences does indeed need fertile and profound imagination; but the discoveries, once made, are communicated to others with less difficulty than is the case with the speculations of history or philosophy. And yet even here the results of a good style are considerable in this way, that the theories thus communicated take a far greater hold of the general mind, and spread themselves much more widely through the nation, than where they are not recommended by similar advantages. Thus the style of Sir Charles Lyell would generally be considered as admirable—a praise which would hardly be given to Sir Roderick Murchison, profound geologist though he be. And has not the consequence been that Sir Charles Lyell's conceptions have taken possession of the non-geological world to a much greater extent than those of Sir Roderick Murchison? Common people reverence Owen from a distance, while they apprehend and take the highest interest in the writings of Darwin and Huxley. Granting that the novel views of the two last-named inquirers may have something to do with this, has it not also resulted very much from the fact that they have stooped, as Owen has never done, to the ordinary intelligence, and fitted in their doctrines to the sentiments of mankind? For this is the test and almost the definition of a good style, that the thoughts sought to be conveyed are rendered applicable to as large a number of different dispositions as the nature of the thoughts renders possible. And thus a good style implies (and will often supply to others) considerable knowledge of mankind. And though it is true that some writers attain a superficially better style by lowering their thoughts, by emptying them of their difficulty, and, with their difficulty, of the best part of their substance, yet this does not diminish the merit of such good writing as does not swerve from the height of a genuinely noble conception. For example, the late Hugh Miller had a more poetical, and what some might think a more striking, style than Sir Charles Lyell; but it would not be just to put him above Sir Charles Lyell in this respect without taking into account the much less difficulty of the conceptions which Hugh Miller undertook to expound and illustrate. It should, however, be added, that Hugh Miller's works have a source of interest apart from geological speculation, as the record of a man who rose to a very considerable point of excellence by his own ability, without any of the helps which society supplies to those born in the higher or middle ranks.

It is, however, when we leave physical and scientific writings, and come to those which involve knowledge of and sympathy for man, that style attains its highest influence and development. It is, in fact, one of those inexplicable things, like the tones of music or the colours of a picture, which have a power of conveying in a moment thought and feeling which no laborious effort at explanation could possibly convey. It is distinct from rhythm, and yet closely allied to it. How can we express what such a power is? We speak of chords in the human mind, and the metaphor appears to be not far from the truth. It would seem that, as in material things there is a certain arrangement and collocation of particles such that, when one chord or piece of glass is struck and gives a ringing sound, the vibration will be communicated to all of similar texture, and they will return the sound; so there are in the human body collocations of nerves, and in the

human soul unnoticed, but not slight or transient, dispositions of feeling, whence influences are communicated by a mutual interchange—influences which form their own end, and are not, like words, merely the means of propagating other influences. And if the object of an historian is, as it is, to make us understand men—and not merely men, but man, the common human nature—then that surely is no superficial merit in an historian which adds to his power of expressing that which is the very subject of his study. And we have mentioned historians because of all forms of study which have man for their object history is the most definite and material; and what we have said is even more true of philosophy, of poetry, and of painting. Yet in all these there is a certain contrariety and discrepancy of object, as regards the style, which does not exist in scientific writings. No fulness of matter is any impediment to clearness of style in a scientific writer; but there are delicate chords in man which are of themselves unintelligible to many, and the writer who tries to express these must, without any fault of his own, lose that universal intelligibility which he cannot but desire. And what happens in consequence of this is, at times, even worse; there are writers who, finding that others will not understand their noblest thoughts, give up the effort at universal intelligibility, and make the expression of their thoughts bizarre and needlessly difficult. This has, we think, happened to two most distinguished writers of the present day—Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Browning. No living writers have a greater compass of material in the knowledge of human nature; and the early writings of both—*Paracelsus*, for instance, and the essay on Burns—had in them, necessarily, something remote from common apprehension, but yet nothing of wilful obscurity. It is hard not to think that, together with that more powerful flow which characterizes the later writings of both, there has not been mingled that contempt for the common reader which displays itself in a carelessness of being understood at all by the vulgar. And we fear that in his contempt Mr. Carlyle has by this time advanced so far that his writings of the present day are no longer understood by persons even of more than vulgar capacity. When Mr. Carlyle points to the English peerage as the salvation of the country, we suppose we must believe that there is some valuable meaning at the bottom of his utterance, but for the life of us we cannot make out what it is. Mr. Browning has of late recovered himself from that abyss of profound unintelligibility into which he at one time plunged; but we would appeal to any one whether he had not, at the time when he wrote the following stanza, a very considerable contempt for the ordinary understanding—whether he did not laugh in his sleeve at the thought how he was bothering and bamboozling the simple public:—

Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats;  
Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup;  
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats;  
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?  
What porridge had John Keats?

This stanza occurs at the end of the poem entitled "Popularity," which is one of those chosen by Mr. Browning himself for the volume of his selected poems, and therefore one, we suppose, peculiarly calculated to edify the general reader. And the worst of it is that the general reader is sometimes a person who looks upon these oddities of style as something exceptionally splendid, and adopts them on his own account in productions which, as they have none of Mr. Browning's sense and cleverness to support them, are marvellous and lugubrious in the extreme.

It is, however, for the sake of future ages, rather than for our own, that such eccentricities as these are to be deplored. The novelty of the thing serves to carry it off at first; the very fact that many cannot understand it lends it the greater zest in the eyes of those who fancy they do understand it; and even if the enthusiasm of the few cannot extend itself to the many, which however it often does, yet it offers in itself much compensation. But as for future ages, though we of this present age should feel bound to assure them that the *Latter Day Pamphlets* or "*Christmas Eve*" contain matter most worthy to be read and studied, we tremble to think of the possibility there is that the difficulty of the task may prevent their testing our judgment.

The truth as respects Mr. Carlyle is, we are inclined to think, that his greatness has in no way diminished throughout his literary career; it is not that he is the decay of his former self, but that his genius, instead of being wrought up and elaborated with the care and constant attention to the understanding of mankind which is necessary for the permanence of its influence, now displays itself only in those misty, gigantic forms which more fitly belong to the birth and first origin of genius. It ought to be with genius as, according to La Place's hypothesis, it was with the creation of the solar system. At first a nebulous mass, loose and chaotic, with no form, with nothing inherent in it but matter and power, it gradually solidifies, becomes concrete and visible, divides into various parts with various functions, sends out ever new manifestations of itself (that hidden self which is the power that existed in it originally and endures throughout), becomes continually more complex, more apparent, fixed and diversified. But in that miniature solar system of which Mr. Carlyle has been the framer it is as if some foreign force, some wandering planet or star, had entered and shattered his matured combinations into their original and elementary atoms; so that his intellect produces no distinct shapes, but hovers ghostlike about our world of human thought, an enormous spiritual force, yet not directed towards any determinate end. For all that, the



melody which was one of the earliest impulses that he gathered up into his being still remains and gives occasional signs of its presence. It is impossible to read even the wildest of his recent writings and not to feel that here there is a true poet; the marvellous music remains in sentences from which every other trace of form and definiteness has vanished. Such music belongs certainly not to Mr. Browning; the only writer of the present day who can at all be thought to equal it is one whose genius has undergone a similar change with that of Mr. Carlyle himself—Mr. Ruskin. But Mr. Ruskin has, we think, suffered more real deterioration than Mr. Carlyle, or at least his works have suffered this. His recent works have concerned subjects which he has not proved or measured, and thus, while the vagueness of Mr. Carlyle is the vagueness of the prophet, the vagueness of Mr. Ruskin has in it much of the vagueness of ignorance. And as we have said something against obscurity of style, we may conclude by remarking that the opposite error, that of too great simplicity, is at once more common and, as less rarely seen to be an error, more injurious. Man is mysterious and not simple, and any attempt, historical or philosophical, to treat of man in a style that contains nothing of mystery is sure to fail, even if not recognised to be a failure. It has always struck us as most instructive that Mr. Mill—who, of all writers, endeavours most to combine profundity with intelligibility, but with a leaning to intelligibility—should have been obliged in that one of his works which preeminently treats of man as man, the *Essay on Liberty*, to lay down at the outset an exception to his great principle, more extensive than the principle itself. For, after advocating the entire personal liberty of every one not an offender against the public good, he adds that of course there must be exceptions all children and all nations that have not reached the civilized stage, who together make up a larger proportion of the human race than we should like to reckon. Without practically dissenting from the main thesis of Mr. Mill's book, this largeness of exception makes it evident that there is a mysteriousness in the subject which he has not cared to recognise, and that plain and intelligible terms cannot compass the whole nature of man. So that the end of the whole matter is, that while historians and philosophers should endeavour to push back the bounds of obscurity and mystery as far as possible, yet these qualities cannot be entirely dispensed with, and the attempt entirely to dispense with them—to treat of man (as Mr. Mill seeks to do) in a style containing none but clear and distinct terms—results in inadequacy.

#### NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES.

THE late quarrels between England and America have brought into prominence certain considerations which may be of more than merely transitory interest. They have revealed, not by any means for the first time, a fact which it may perhaps be salutary to remember; the fact, namely, that a considerable number of persons consider it in the light of a duty to regard us with something like persistent hatred. They do not confine themselves simply to feeling a resentment, justifiable or foolish, against certain acts of our Government which were held to be unfriendly, but they proceed to draw the general inference that Englishmen, as a nation, are proper objects of antipathy. An American will occasionally tell us, as if it were rather a gratifying and wholly a creditable circumstance, that whilst he makes many distinctions in favour of individuals, he regards us *en masse* with the same sort of feeling which Nelson cherished towards Frenchmen. That simple-minded hero, if we remember rightly, summed up the whole duty of his subordinates in two great commandments—that they were to obey orders, and hate Frenchmen as they hated the devil. Of course, when the feeling is directed against ourselves, we recognise its exquisitely unreasonable character. We are conscious of many faults, and are by no means in the habit of concealing them; but we cannot admit that we are so destitute of compensating virtues as to justify any people in taking us to be indiscriminately hateful. It may be that we are not guilty to the same extent of any such unreasoning sentiments ourselves. Englishmen, at any rate, are not so much inclined to follow each other like a flock of sheep, and to adopt a universal creed of any kind without exception or moderation; if some of us are foolish enough to cultivate blind prejudices against foreigners, they always find compatriots ready to take the opposite side of the question, and to rebuke them with sufficient energy. Yet individuals are often enough to be found who regard particular classes of foreigners with bitter hostility. If the old hatred of the French has died out to some extent, it still works in many provincial towns; and there are people who are ready to retort upon our American detractors with a hatred which, *prima facie* at least, is equally unreasonable. It is perhaps worth asking what is the real value to be attached to such manifestations of national sentiment.

The first remark which occurs upon the subject is that it seems to be absurd to hate people for displaying peculiarities which are the natural result of the circumstances in which they are placed. It would be ridiculous in an American to condemn us for retaining many old prejudices, foolish though some of them may be, considering the strength with which the whole course of our history has tended to fix them in our character; and equally ridiculous in us to condemn the inhabitants of a new country for the want of certain refinements which are the slow product of an ancient and continuous civilization. The remark, indeed, is not sufficient by itself. We hate a thief and a murderer,

though the circumstances under which he was raised may have put it almost out of the question that he should be anything better. As Christians, indeed, we are bound to hate nobody; and moralists have argued that if it were possible to place the vilest of mankind on some desert island, where they could do no harm either by practice or example, we ought to wish them to be as happy as their condition would admit. As a matter of fact, however, very few people are sufficiently good Christians to distinguish between a man and his qualities; we cannot contrive to love a criminal and hate his crimes; if we loathe cruelty and vice, we equally loathe the concrete embodiment of those tendencies; and therefore, if we could say of any nation that it was intrinsically worse than its neighbours in a moral point of view, it would be excusable, if not strictly justifiable, to regard it with disgust, and that without taking into account the causes to which its demoralization was owing. Here, however, we are met by the obvious facts. No one can say that the difference between civilized nations is so marked, and marked so distinctly in one direction, as to justify one in regarding another with simple contempt. We have passed the time at which we could summarily set down the French as a frivolous and immoral people, whose gaiety was explained by their natural fitness for slavery, and whose manners and customs resembled those so tersely summed up by a proverbial navigator. We allow that many of our prejudices were founded on the most profound ignorance, and that probably no living man could give an impartial verdict as to the general question of the relative merits of Frenchmen and Englishmen. In the same way we often hear an American detailing the string of commonplaces which he has learnt from his party, and naively explaining our indifference to them by the innate stupidity and wickedness of our nation; meanwhile we know perfectly well that the same man in England would have run over another set of phrases with equal glibness, plagiarizing from the *Daily Telegraph* instead of the *New York Tribune*. The character and intelligence of the man would have been essentially the same; but he would have worn a different set of colours. The amazing moral superiority which he arrogates to himself depends simply on his having happened to learn certain political formulas by heart, and is so far purely superficial. There are, it is true, certain marked differences of national character, but they are not such as to establish a distinct superiority on either side, nor do they supply the grounds on which that superiority is claimed. If an American claimed to be quicker-witted than an Englishman, we should have to inquire into the truth of the supposed fact, and see what is to be set against it on our side. But when he claims to be the exclusive possessor of certain political truths, he is really boasting that he happens to read a different set of newspapers from other people, and might as well pride himself on shaving his upper lip instead of his chin. It is, indeed, a matter of the utmost importance what political principles are current in a nation; we only deny that, as matters are at present, the difference of opinions on such subjects corresponds to any distinct difference in the moral or intellectual standard of those who hold them. The British shopkeeper is not intrinsically better or worse than the shopkeeper on the boulevards or on Broadway. We can see many profound differences between them, but we cannot place them with any confidence in order of merit.

If civilized nations are on the whole approximately at the same level, we feel it to be as foolish to hate savages or the semi-civilized races as to dislike animals or children. They are at an imperfect stage of development, and in fact excite no antipathy, unless in some few exceptional cases. And this suggests what is the real cause of such national antipathies. It is not that we seriously believe another race to be less moral or less intelligent than ourselves; for in that case we should hate the Chinese or the negroes more than Frenchmen or Americans. We really hate nations because they are so nearly our equals. It is felt to be intolerable that people who do not enjoy the blessings of the British Constitution, and who cannot even talk intelligibly, should be in many ways as good as ourselves. A wretched being who, with unaccountable perversity, says *oui* when he means yes, shows himself to be capable of building towns and making railways, and even fighting battles, as well as we could do it ourselves. This is the inexplicably provoking thing about foreigners; and it is to relieve ourselves from the uncomfortable sensations which the circumstance produces, that we brag so loudly about our supposed points of superiority. Our ostensible reason for the antipathies we cherish is the belief that our neighbours are really degraded beings; but the real cause of the antipathies is the uncomfortable sensation that, however superior we may be in some points, they manage to keep tolerably abreast of us in the race for national excellence. Englishmen were hated on the Continent so long as they presumed to interfere in Continental matters, and were hated by their allies at least as much as by their enemies. If we consent to reduce ourselves to insular insignificance, and allow our commercial supremacy to be entirely upset, we may take such comfort as may be in the thought that people will begin to do us justice, as they would to specimens in a museum, or monkeys in a zoological garden. Even the Americans, when they have taken Canada, exacted four hundred millions of compensation from us, and set up an independent Republic in Ireland, will begin to be a little sentimental about the old country, or such fraction of it as may still be left on its legs.

National antipathies, then, are likely to be strong in proportion as they are unreasonable; that is to say, in proportion as they are founded on no real superiority. There are, however, other elements

in the dislike which we feel for another nation which tend to disappear with increased means of communication. What we may call errors of mental perspective tend to distort the idea which each nation forms of its neighbour. If we endeavour to appreciate the conceptions which a commonplace half-educated man takes of a foreign country, we must begin by narrowing and confusing our intellects. In the first place, he thinks of the whole nation as of a single unit, which is embodied in some such conventional figure as John Bull or Brother Jonathan. Every peculiarity handed down by tradition is accumulated on the head of this imaginary person. John Bull is supposed to be always humbling himself before a lord, and Brother Jonathan to be perpetually whittling a stick and chewing tobacco. This kind of anthropomorphism, by which the type is put for the whole, is natural and convenient enough. But, in the next place, as the foreign nation is generally heard of in its relations to the country of the observer, it further follows that it is conceived to occupy its whole time in contemplating that country. John Bull is supposed to be always biting his nails, like Bunyan's Giant Pope, in envy of his successful cousin. It does not enter into the head of the American that there are many millions of Englishmen who get up every morning, eat their breakfast, do their daily work, and go to bed without ever remembering the existence of the Atlantic ocean. We have succeeded in impressing upon our minds with more or less distinctness that there are a good many people in France and Germany, and that they have other things to do besides following the details of English politics. But this is a comparatively modern discovery, which can hardly be said as yet to be generally understood. During the preceding period of ignorance it is a natural tendency to exaggerate enormously the interest with which we are regarded by others, and to attribute to them the settled plans and profound malice which would be conceivable in an individual antagonist. Instead of realizing the fact that our foreign policy is the result of a great deal of ignorance, directed by occasional outbursts of passion when our interests happened to be visibly concerned, foreigners have kindly attributed to us designs of profound and perfidious policy which are totally beyond our capacity; and we are only too ready to repay the misconception in kind. If this source of confusion tends to disappear, and we come to realize the fact that nations take up a larger space than is represented on the map, and have more opinions than those uttered through their Foreign Ministers, the most fertile source of irritation will disappear; and if we also come to believe that the differences of virtue are not so enormous as we sometimes fancy, national antipathy may in time be replaced by a more healthy kind of national emulation. It has always had this ingredient of good, that it has been the means by which nations have been encouraged to develop their own characteristic excellences, and the imaginary foreigner has supplied a useful background as a kind of foil to set off our supposed merits. The reaction between the intellects of different countries has been amongst the most potent causes of progress; and it is desirable, not that it should be destroyed, but that it should be accompanied with as little as may be of unreasonable dislike.

#### BORED HUSBANDS.

THE curtain falls on joined hands when it does not descend on a tragedy, and novels for the most part end with a wreath of orange-blossoms and a pair of high-stepping greys, as the last act that claims to be recorded; for both novelists and playwrights assume that with marriage all the great events of life have ceased, and that, once wedded to the beloved object, there is sure to be smooth sailing and halcyon seas to the end of time. It sounds very cynical and shocking to question this pretty belief; but unfortunately for us who live in the world as it is, and not as it is supposed to be, we find that even a union with the beloved object does not always ensure perfect contentment in the home, and that bored husbands are by no means rare.

The ideal honeymoon is of course an Elysian time, during which nothing works rusty or gets out of joint; and the ideal marriage is only a life-long honeymoon, where the happiness is more secure and the love deeper, if more sober; but the prose reality of one and the other has often a terrible dash of weariness in it, even under the most favourable conditions. Boredom begins in the very honeymoon itself. At first starting in married life there are many dangers to be encountered, not a shadow of which was seen in the wooing. There are odd freaks of temper turning up quite unexpectedly; there is the sense, so painful to some men, of being tied for life, of never being able to be alone again, never free and without responsibilities; there are misunderstandings to-day, and the struggle for mastery to-morrow—the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which may prove to be the tempest that will destroy all; there is the unrest of travelling, and the awkwardness of unusual association, to help in the general discomfort; or, if the happy pair have settled down in a vale and a cottage for their month, there is the "sad satiety" which all men feel after a time when they have had one companion only, with no outside diversion to cause a break. But the honeymoon at last draws to a close, and the relieved bridegroom gets back to his old haunts, to his work, his friends, and his club; and though he takes to all these things again "with a difference," still they are helps and additions. This is the time of trial to a woman. If she gets over this pinch, and is sensible enough to understand that human nature cannot be kept up at high pressure, even in love, and

that a man must sooner or later come down from romance to work-a-day prose, from the passionate lover to the cool and sober husband—if she can understand this, and settle into his pace, without fretting on the one hand, or casting about for unhealthy distractions on the other—she will do well, and will probably make a pleasant home, and thereby diminish the boredom of life. But, unfortunately, not every woman can do this; and it is just during this time of the man's transition from the lover to the friend that so many women begin to make shipwreck of their own happiness and his. They think to keep him a romantic wooer still, by their tears at his prosaic indifference to the little sentimentalities once so eagerly accepted and offered; they try to hold him close by their flattering but somewhat tiresome exactions; by their jealousies—very pretty perhaps, and quite as flattering—are infinite, and as baseless as they are infinite; all of which is very nice up to a certain point and in the beginning of things, but all of which gets awfully wearisome as time goes on, and a man wants both a little change and a little rest. But women do not see this; or, seeing it, they cannot accept it as a necessary condition of things; wherefore they go on in their fatal way, and, by the very unwisdom of their own love, bore their husband out of his. Or they grow substantially cold because he is superficially cooler, and think themselves justified in ceasing to love him altogether because he takes their love for granted, and so has ceased to woo it.

If they are jealous, or shy, or unsocial, as so many women are, they make life very heavy by their exclusiveness, and the monastic character they give to the home. A man married to a woman of this kind is, in fact, a house prisoner, whose only hours of freedom lie beyond the four walls of home. His bachelor friends are shut out. They smoke, or entice him to drink more than his wife thinks is good for him; or they induce him to bet on the Derby, or to play for half-crowns at whist or billiards, or they lead him in some other way of offence abhorrent to women. So the bachelor friends are shouldered out, and when the husband wants to entertain them, he must invite them to his club—if he has one—and pay the penalty when he gets home. In a few years' time his wife will be glad to encourage her sons' young friends to the house, for the sake of the daughters on hand; but husbands and sons are in a different category, and there are few fathers who do not learn, as time goes on, how much the mother will allow that the wife refused. If bachelor friends are shouldered out of the house, all female friends are forbidden anything like an intimate footing, save those few whom the wife thinks specially devoted to herself and of whom she is not jealous. And they are very few. There are perhaps no women in the world so exclusive towards their husbands as are Englishwomen. A husband is bound to one woman only, no doubt; but she thinks him also bound to have no affection whatsoever outside the house and family. If he meets an intelligent woman, pleasant to talk to, of agreeable manners and ready wit, and if he talks to her in consequence with anything like persistency or interest, he offends against the unwritten law; and his wife, whose utmost power of conversation consists in putting in a yes or no with tolerable accuracy of aim, thinks herself slighted and ill-used. She may be young and pretty, and dearly loved for her own special qualities, and her husband may not have a thought towards his new friend, or any other woman, in the remotest degree trenching on his allegiance to her; but the fact that he finds pleasure, though only of an intellectual and æsthetic kind, in the society of any other woman, that he feels an interest in her life, chooses her for his friend, or finds community of pursuits or sympathy in ideas, makes his wife by just so much a victim and aggrieved. And yet what a miserably monotonous home is that to which she would confine him! He is at his office all day, badgered and worried with various business complications, and he comes home tired, perhaps cross—even well-conducted husbands have that way sometimes. He finds his wife tired and cross too; so that they begin the evening together mutually at odds, she irritated by small cares, and he disturbed by large anxieties. Or he finds her preoccupied and absorbed in her own pursuits, and quite disinclined to make any diversion for his sake. He asks her for some music; she used to be ready enough to sing and play to him in the old love-making days; but she refuses now. Either she has some needlework to do, which might have been done during the day when he was out, or baby is asleep in the nursery, and music in the drawing-room would disturb him—at all events she cannot sing or play to-night; and even if she does—he has heard all her pieces so often! If he is not a reading-man, those long, dull, silent evenings are very trying. She works, and drives him wild with the click of her needle; or she reads the last new novel, and he hates novels, and gets tired to death when she insists on telling him all about the story and the characters; or she chooses the evening for letter-writing, and if the noise of her pen scratching over the paper does not irritate him, perhaps it sends him to sleep, when at least he is not bored. But dull, objectless, and vacant as their evenings are, his wife would not hear of any help from without to give just that little fillip which would prevent boredom and not create ceremony. She would think her life had gone to pieces, and that only desolation was before her, if he hinted that his home was dull, and that, though he loves her very dearly, and wants no other wife but her, yet that her society only—*toujours perdré*—without change or addition, is a little stupid, however nice the partridge may be, and that things would be bettered if Mrs. or Miss So-and-So came in sometimes, just to brighten up the hours. And if he were to make a practice of bringing home his men friends, she would probably let all parties



concerned feel pretty distinctly that she considered the home her special sanctuary, and that guests whom she did not invite were little else than intruders. She would perhaps go willingly enough to a ball or crowded soiree, or she might like to give one; but that intimate form of society which is a mere enlargement of the home life she dreads as too much like the supplementing of deficiencies, and thinks her married happiness safer in boredom than in any diversion from herself as the sole centre of her husband's pleasure.

The home life stagnates in England, and in very few families is there any mean between dissipation and this stagnation. We can scarcely wonder that so many husbands think matrimony a mistake as we have it in our insular arrangements, that they look back regretfully to the time when they were unfettered and not bored, or that their free friends, who watch them as wild birds watch their caged companions, curiously and reflectively, come to share their opinion. Wife and home, after all, make up but part of a man's life; they are not his all, and do not satisfy the whole of his social instinct; nor is any one woman the concentration of all womanhood to a man, leaving nothing that is beautiful, or in its way desirable, on the outside. Besides, when with his wife a man is often as much isolated as when alone, for any real companionship there is between them. Few women take a living interest in the lives of men, and fewer still understand them. They expect the husband to sympathize with them in the kitchen gossip and the nursery chatter, the neighbours' doings and all the small household politics; but as a race they are utterly unable to comprehend his pleasures, his thoughts, his duties, the responsibilities of his profession, or the bearings of any public question in which he takes a part. But even if this were not so, and granting that they could enter fully into his life, and sympathize with him as intelligent equals, not only as compassionate saints or loving children, there would still be the need of novelty, and still the certainty of boredom without it. For human life, like all other forms of life, must have a due proportion of fresh elements continually added to keep it sweet and growing, else it becomes stagnant and stunted, as everything else would be. And daily intercourse undeniably exhausts the moral ground. After the close companionship of years no one can remain mentally fresh to the other, unless indeed one or both be of the rarest order of mind, and of a practically inexhaustible knowledge. Save these exceptional instances, we must all of necessity get worn out by constant intercourse. We know every thought, every opinion, and almost every square inch of information possessed; we have heard the old stories again and again, and know exactly what will lead up to them, and at what point they will begin; we have measured the whole sweep of mind, and have probed its depths; and though we may love and value what we have learnt, yet we want something new—fresh food for interest, though not necessarily a new love for the displacement of the old. But this is what very few Englishwomen can understand or will allow. They hold so intensely by the doctrine of unity that they are even jealous of a man's pursuits if they think these take up any place in his mind which might else be theirs. They must be good for every part of his life; and the poorest of them all must be his only source of interest, suffering no other woman to share his admiration or obtain his friendship, though this would not touch his love for themselves or interfere with their rights. But this is a hard saying to them, and one they cannot receive; wherefore they keep a tight grasp on the marital collar, and suffer no relief of monotony by judicious loosening or by generous faith in integral fidelity. The practical result of which is that most men are horribly bored at home, and that the mass of us really suffer from the domestic stagnation to which national customs and the exclusiveness of our women doom us as soon as we become family men. It must, however, in fairness be added, that most men obtain some kind of compensation, and that very few walk meekly in their bonds without at times slipping them off, with or without the concurrence of their wives.

#### RESPONSIBILITY IN TIME OF WAR.

**A**MID the shame and indignation which accompany unexpected defeat, it seems vain to require from any people a cool judgment on the causes of the national disaster. Let a system palpably break down, or let statesmen be ever so much in fault, it is easier to condemn the general than to look beyond; and the political death of an unlucky commander is the favourite way, in modern days, of appeasing the popular cry for vengeance on those who brought the humiliation. It is but eight years ago that we saw a great republic sending forth a mass of undisciplined battalions, without organization, almost without a staff; to reconquer revolted provinces including millions of inhabitants; and when Bull Run came to prove that numbers in arms do not alone make an army, McDowell, because he failed to achieve the impossible, was practically ostracized for the rest of the war, whilst those who directed or served under him lived on to become trusted and honoured. McClellan was condemned in turn, because he strove, by making war slowly of set purpose, to gain the time for organizing his troops which he was denied before opening his campaign. We can claim but little advantage over our kinsfolk in this matter. The black winter of 1854-5 found Parliament and people chafing under our check before Sebastopol, and looking for a scapegoat as eagerly as in the days of Byng. If the reputation of the Alma victory and his own high personal character saved Lord Raglan

from supersession, this was only at the cost of a change of War Ministers, and of a practical belying of all confidence in our commanders, by giving the Field-marshal a sort of keeper as Chief of Staff, and removing the only engineer who understood the work before us, whose prophecies as to the mistakes we were committing in the direction of our attack were destined to prove of bitter truth in Redan failures long after. The French appear to be even less wise under such trials than ourselves, if we may judge either by the way in which they guillotined unfortunate generals when the guillotine was in fashion, and shuffled commanders successively into power in the days when the star of the Republic paled before Suvarrow in Italy, or by the persistent injustice with which, for fifty years after Waterloo, they sought to vilify the names of Grouchy and Ney, which Napoleon's artful teaching led them to connect with that great disaster. A fresher instance than any of these, of the disposition to saddle national calamities upon luckless generals, has just come under the notice of all Europe in the Austrian Official History of the War of 1866. The main object of the writers would appear to be to prove Benedek's incompetence to have been the sole origin of the Bohemian defeats, and this in the face of the opinions of all other critics. The worthy veteran Jomini declared, in the last essay which flowed from his fertile pen, that the causes of the Austrian collapse were the better organization, the better armament, and the better strategy of Prussia. If this assertion of a disinterested and skilled observer be accepted as true, it follows that, however completely Benedek failed, he is not by any means to be held singly responsible for the fall of Austria's military power, and that bad administration or false principles of government may be as fatal to the reputation of an army as the worst mistakes a captain can make.

Libraries have been written on strategy and tactics, and oceans of pamphlets on military organization, but without any systematic attempt, so far as we are aware, to define the limits of the responsibility of those who are concerned in the great transactions of war, and to assign to the general, the Government he represents, and the subordinates who obey him, their respective functions in the military hierarchy in such a manner as to give the State the fullest advantage of the services of all. This question, hitherto left untouched, yet so important in its bearings on all military reform, has been at last approached in a liberal and philosophic spirit by one of the most practical soldiers and successful generals of this age of war, the Archduke Albert of Austria, a personage whose functions and character seem to be so completely misunderstood by some of the most important of our contemporaries that we shall endeavour later to say a few words upon them. For the present our task is to glance at his remarkable essay on the subject already referred to, *Ueber die Verantwortlichkeit im Kriege*, which, though brief, is so clear and masterly as to show that he has not only inherited the rare military qualities of his father, the Archduke Charles, but, like him, is a profound thinker and lucid writer.

The excuse which the Archduke makes for his work—which, though published anonymously, has been from the first unhesitatingly attributed to the true author—is twofold. The immense responsibility which attends all who stir up hostilities is proved by the anxiety always shown in modern days, by each party to a war, to prove that it was forced upon it against its will; and so confused are men's minds on the subjects of international politics, that the guilty party (it is needless to point out the reference here to the events of 1866) too often imposes its own defence on the world as truth. And again, as to the events of an unfortunate campaign, popular passion frequently errs most widely in its estimate of the true causes, and the very knowledge that it does so weighs upon brave men beforehand, and may dangerously enfeeble their action in the hour of trial.

The greatest of all human responsibilities must ever be that of the general-in-chief in a decisive campaign. To understand what its actual degree is, and from the study of the question to learn not to demand what is impossible, is the duty of every statesman aspiring to the first rank of power. It is even more the duty of the historian; and the subject has the highest interest of all for those who have held, or who may live to hold, such commands as are spoken of. And to study it with any good effect, it is needful to remember that a generalissimo is but a man, of like weaknesses with other men. He cannot control his own health, nor the weather, nor the involuntary mistakes of others. A telegram wrongly deciphered, a message miscarried, an attack of physical weakness, may be the cause of a lost action. Soldiers in the field understand this better than persons removed from it, and make more allowances for mishaps, as they are less prone to create an idol of a chief for a single stroke of success. Hence the memory of really great generals lives in the affections of the grandchildren of those who followed their standards, and their names become household words from this genuine attachment, when the popular adulation which follows isolated successes is long forgotten.

On a careful review of the realities of the problem, as observed in past history, it is apparent that the commander of a popular army raised suddenly for a popular cause (we may instance France in 1792-3, or America in 1861-2) should have little demanded from him, for his real responsibility can, if honestly judged, be but small. But if such an army be maintained and trained for years (as were those of America towards the close of the civil war), the powers of the commander necessarily grow larger and his responsibility increases. Lastly, where a general has for years commanded and trained a disciplined force ready for combat (Radetzky, in

Italy, is cited by the Archduke), the greatest demands are justly laid upon him when war breaks out, and, if he proves equal to them, he has the opportunity of winning immortal renown. The circumstances should, however, have been completely in his favour; for if he has had beaten troops to reorganize in too short a time, or political difficulties have hindered his free action, he is not to be charged—as historians are too apt to charge him—with a failure which may be the inevitable result of causes beyond his control. Similarly, a generalissimo may be charged with any lack of the preparations which he has had the power to complete after receiving his command; but too often he is blamed for the want of equipment and training which should have been furnished long before, as well as for that resulting from a deficiency of his own executive powers of supply, before active operations invest him with that supreme local authority which cannot then be denied. Unfortunately, the world judges of men so placed chiefly by the results of the campaigns; except in the case of those who, like Napoleon, have already established their claims to genius. Then, indeed, it is discovered that a general in a lost campaign, such as that of the French Emperor in 1814, in the East of France (and, let us add, of Soult in the South at the same time, and of Lee in 1864), may show more courage, energy, and resource than in the most brilliant days of success. Finally, it must be observed that statesmen must not only bear the responsibility of the proper preparation for war, but must give their chosen commander full confidence during its course. War, in fact, is but a violent form of policy for the supposed good of the State, and during its continuance the operations of the field should form an integral portion of the general combinations, and the well-being of the army must not be made subordinate to any supposed independent advantage.

As to the division of responsibility between the commander and his staff, it is enough to say that the former must needs be accountable for all orders issued in his name. Yet, as many minor decisions must be made by the departments without consulting him, it follows that he is bound to keep himself informed of all that are really important, and either to choose proper assistants for himself, or to refuse absolutely to employ those nominated by others, if not fully trustworthy. How little this principle has guided our own administration, even at the most important crises, will best be understood by those who read the Waterloo volume of the Wellington Despatches.

As to the subordinate generals, those in the higher posts, whilst owing implicit obedience to their chief's orders, should have large independence within proper limits, and must often be responsible in a high degree for their method of interpreting their instructions. The larger the army and the more numerous and considerable its subdivisions, the higher becomes this responsibility, and the less of detail should be attempted in the instructions of the general-in-chief. He should take care that his lieutenants fully understand the general purpose of his orders, and the end to be attained by their execution. This known, a considerable freedom of action should be reserved, with a proportionate responsibility as its consequence, for the chiefs of corps, or even divisions. And this principle of independence (as will appear presently) within certain limits should be carried down in the army to the rank of non-commissioned officer. As the grade is higher, so the responsibility and the accompanying range of action should become wider. Orders should be clear, but all useless details should purposely be excluded. The forgetfulness of this true principle will of itself invariably hinder the activity and force of an army; and the burden of self-imposed responsibilities which high commanders are apt to assume has the double evil, in time of real service, that it both weighs them down with useless work, and deprives their subordinates of the energy and independence of thought necessary to the success of the whole machine. The evil which the Archduke attacks he traces developing itself at various times in the last century in overlaid books of drill, martinet training, useless show parades, and the devotion of generals to the most insignificant and formal details of the service. With these errors he classes the ordinary peace manoeuvres, "carried out on open plains, prepared from the book beforehand, and conducted with no more regard to the features of real war than if performed by so many puppets on wires." These monstrosities he believes to have almost disappeared from Europe. We confess to some uncomfortable feeling that the Archduke must have been over here lately in disguise, witnessing certain reviews of our own, and that, under cover of the past, he may be satirizing the present. Upon this subject the illustrious writer takes occasion to point out the opposite error, into which the press so readily falls, of running down the necessary discipline of a national force as useless. Pedantry he believes to be virtually all but extinct. Good discipline may be fully maintained without it, and good discipline is absolutely necessary to make any troops valuable. The Archduke cites instances witnessed by himself where well-trained soldiers, when shaken by fire, were rallied at once on their commander giving them an ordinary parade order in a calm but audible voice.

As to the lower officers of an army, the principles already laid down should, as before said, be carried out in all grades, the limits of independent action naturally lessening, as the charge grows smaller, down to the simple implicit obedience which is required from the private sentinel. It is the business of commanders in time of peace to act on such a system that the vigour and energy of each fraction of an army may remain intact from undue dependence upon superior authority for each trifling decision. It is only by practising this habitually in peace that the full military power of a

national force can be reckoned on in time of war. To attain this end it is necessary for the higher authorities to reverse certain practices formerly too common in European armies, and especially to discountenance thoroughly the abuse which superior officers are apt to make of their power by taking to themselves duties and decisions which belong not to them by right, but lie strictly within the sphere of those below them. All useless references for authority should therefore be discouraged. Mistaken and arbitrary decisions on the part of officers in high posts may be severely visited upon them if necessary; but such errors should never be made—as is too often the practice—the excuse for limiting the responsibilities proper to their positions. Routine returns and the like documents should be chiefly the work of very subordinate commanders, so as not to occupy the time of those whose duties are rather to direct and decide for others. And as in the higher grades, so throughout, orders should be brief, clear, and to the point, and should have regard rather to the end to be attained than to the means—the substance, in fact, and not that form which officials so often mistake for it. If, by a constant attention to these principles in the quiet days of peace, the regeneration of a discouraged army be steadily carried on, there will be a gradual growth of a spirit of activity and life in its members; and, when war comes, superior officers will not find themselves overweighed with the care of petty details, nor those below them be found timorous and unfit to face the unusual responsibilities which war is certain to bring with it.

Such are the main thoughts to which the Archduke has given utterance. How far much that he says might have been suggested by our own organization, how far the remedies he would have applied in Austria, the maintenance of discipline combined with the extinction of the old martinet and pedant elements, are needed among ourselves, can be merely suggested here to the consideration of the thoughtful. This is no theoretical essayist that speaks, but a successful practical soldier, whose words carry with them more weight because they are in some sort a protest against a system of administration with which he himself is mixed up. Appointed generalissimo of Austria in the dark hours that followed Königgrätz, as was his father after Austerlitz, he voluntarily resigned his commission in order to smooth the course of the Emperor in his new career of liberalism, by transferring the army to the charge of a constitutional Minister. He remains employed solely in the capacity of Inspector-General, outside the War Office, which is independent of and separate from him. The essay we have followed shows that he is far from believing that all that might be done has been done to regenerate the national forces of his country, and it reads like a warning beforehand against making a future general-in-chief responsible for an organization he has in no way controlled. We dwell on this because the Archduke's position seems strangely misunderstood in this country. It is hard, indeed, that journals of the class of the *Pall Mall* and *Spectator*, not to mention the *Daily News*, should, in their notices of the now famous despatch of Bismark, charge an alleged mistake of judgment, or want of honesty, on the part of the Austrian War Chancery, to the very man who has long since resigned his charge there, and is clearly at issue with the present administration of the office.

#### MR. SPURGEON'S PROVERBS AND JINGLES.

MR. SPURGEON has published a book. By a long list of advertisements subjoined to this publication we learn, what we did not know before, that Mr. Spurgeon is a magazine editor, and a very voluminous author, not only of sermons, but of all sorts of things in print. The book now before us is called *John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Advice for Plain People*. Its eulogists assure us that it is a very racy volume; and a critic who writes in the *General Baptist Magazine*, and affects the alliterative and the antithetical—this itch of the letter is catching—describes it as "vivacious, but not vulgar; caustic, but not cynical; witty, without any wantonness; racy, but yet never running into mere rattle; full of the best counsel, but signally free from any particle of cant." To borrow a pen feather from this Baptist goose—we mean swan—we should, if we were inclined to be cynical and rather unfair, be rather disposed to say that Mr. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman* is pert, and yet puerile; vulgar, but not vigorous; bumptious, but not brilliant; forced, but not forcible; egotistical, and yet empty; dull, but not deep; pretentious, but not profound. What Mr. Spurgeon strives after is a combination of Sancho with Poor Richard, and the result is Tupper without his metre, and Franklin without his matter. The volume is a collection of what the author calls semi-humorous articles from Mr. Spurgeon's magazine called, we know not why, the *Sword and Trowel*, and assumes to be proverbial talk delivered in the person of a rustic ploughman, who discourses about all things in general and nothing in particular—divine and human, secular and profane, social and domestic. But we may as well give some specimens taken at random from Mr. Spurgeon's comic philosophy.

#### About Hope:—

He pulls at a long rope who waits for another's death. He who hunts after legacies had need have iron shoes. He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot. He who waits for his uncle's cow need not be in a hurry to spread the butter. Jack Shiftless was told that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and that made a spoon of him, so that he is no more use at work than a cow at catching hares. . . . Hopes that grow out of graves are grave mistakes.



## A good word for Wives:—

Jack is no better than Jill as a rule. . . . Where hearts agree there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say marriage is not often merry-age, but very commonly *mar-age*.

## On Thriving:—

Always at it grows good cabbage and lettuce where others grow thistles. Plod is the word. He who plods on, the clods on, rods on rods will turn of the sods while laziness nods. . . . Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald. Straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. Small mites eat the cheese. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane.

## Things not worth trying:—

Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet; choke a flea with a brickbat, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

This last remark Mr. Spurgeon credits to an American joker, but it is the model of much of his own platitudes. Artemus Ward is the best specimen of this kind of fictitious humour; but, ingenious though it looks, and grotesque, it is the very easiest of all writing. Shakspeare laughs at it when he talks of the butter-woman's jog to market; and it was prevalent in Shakspeare's days, and he often practised it himself, and some of the old Puritan writers whom Mr. Spurgeon has certainly read were great hands at it. As Jaques would say, Mr. Spurgeon is full of pretty answers; he has been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned posies out of rings; he answers right painted cloth—that is, he is rich in mottoes, sententiousness, proverbs, and dainty devices. His morality is as sound as a copy-book, and his quibbles and conceits are quite worthy of Touchstone. Not that Mr. Spurgeon does not say occasional good things, though whether they are his own, or genuine old proverbial lore, we cannot venture to pronounce, as his practice is to mix up borrowed and original jests higgledy-piggledy.

## About Thoughts:—

An arrow may fly through the air, and leave no trace, but an ill thought leaves a trail like a serpent.

Which, by the by, a serpent does not, though a slug does. This again has a seventeenth-century twang about it:—"Thoughts are toll-free, but not hell-free." But we believe that Mr. Spurgeon quotes himself when he says, neatly enough, "a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window keeps a very small stock within"; and there is something of homely wit and wisdom in the genial saying, "Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; for lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads." "Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us." In a word, as in all these bundles of conceits, the verdict must be that which Martial gave as to his own epigrams:—

*Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.*

Were it not that Mr. Spurgeon occasionally breaks out with passionate insolence against all other teachers of religion as, *ipso facto*, knaves and hypocrites and impostors, because they do not conform to the Tabernacle type of teachers, we should be almost disposed to part with him in good temper. But what can be said in sufficient condemnation of the narrow-mindedness and bigotry of the little shabby sectarian spirit which says of all Churches—Latin, Greek, and Anglican—not to speak of the unattached Oriental communities of Christians, or of the diffused historical Christianity of sixteen centuries?—

Never believe in any priest of any religion, for before a man could be bad enough to pretend to be a priest, he must have hardened his heart and blinded his conscience to the most horrible degree. Our governors imprison gipsies for telling fortunes, and yet they give fat livings to those vagabonds who deceive the people in much weightier things. "Bad company," said the thief, as he went to the gallows between the hangman and a priest; a very honest speech, and a very true word.

It may be worth while to consider how it is that the sort of proverbial literature which Mr. Spurgeon has tried to revive is so much out of date. It survives, if at all among us, only in its worst form, in the melancholy productions of the weekly comic press, and in the burlesques of our modern London theatres. The emblematisers of old Teutonic art have of late years been looked at, but they have met with little approval. The fact is, that quibbles, verbal or pictorial, irritate sound taste. Hobbes spoke of laughter as a sudden glory; but puns and forced antithesis and mere verbal joking are addressed to the lower faculties. It is the mere ear, or the mere eye, which is affected; and the inward man rebels at this pandering to the senses rather than the faculties. It is not a sudden glory, but a sudden contempt, which is provoked by the acrostic-mongers, punsters, and the writers of travesty. As we listen to a burlesque of the present day, we feel, or fancy that we feel, something of the ineffable smallness of intellect, the minute misery which it must cost a professor of the art of quibble to torture and contort words, and to debase thought, by grinding articulate speech into puns. We resent the affront, and scorn the tedious ingenuity. This sham humour addresses only a barbarous, or at the most a half-educated, stage of the human mind; or—which it is to be feared is our own case—it flourishes in the Lower Empire age of popular intelligence. A taste for burlesque is a sure sign of intellectual decay. And proverbs, as we all know, are invented, and are life where the powers of mind are not rightly

adjusted. There is scarcely a common proverbial saying which may not be capped by its contradictory, and in either case the proverb only expresses a half-truth, and is the result of a coarse and inadequate generalization of human life and manners. The moral which a popular proverb conveys is usually worthless, because it is unbalanced, and its morality becomes valueless, if not, as it usually is, mischievous, because it is not weighted and checked by an opposite and compensating truth. A proverb exactly hits the mental level of a shallow thinker or a narrow dogmatist; and while an aphorism is the result of measured and balanced thought, a general proposition in morals is usually fallacious, and therefore misleading. *In generalibus latet falsitas*; and one service which the schoolmen rendered to thought, and which has been lost since their labours have been ignorantly proscribed and idly ignored, was in their system of distinctions, qualifications, and abatements of a proposition. A proverb is the refuge of the unargumentative; and if a pistol will not fire, it may be used to knock a man down. There is no arguing with a proverb-monger, because he only deals with assumed universals. A common ground is lacking to the disputants, and the proverb, instead of being the result of philosophic experiment, is rather the expression of vulgar empiricism and half-knowledge.

To turn for a moment to Mr. Spurgeon. His *John Ploughman's Talk* confirms our view of what goes to make up the success of a popular preacher. As is the book so is the man. Mr. Spurgeon, we believe, exaggerates and intensifies the popular style. He deals in broad sayings, in plain speaking, in strong, vigorous, unqualified expressions. This is what an effective sermon should be, and is the essence of a proverb. A preacher cannot waste—if it is wasting—his time in looking out for counter views, in making allowance for qualifications. He scorns limitations and distinctions. The proverb and the preacher are here at one. Hence it is that people preach best in their youth, and that many a good preacher gets afraid of the pulpit, and in mature age suspects his old telling talk, and the confident, decisive, and therefore attractive matter and manner of his earlier years, as a larger experience of men and things makes him reflective, cautious, and, as his hearers say, timid and uncertain and hesitating. A man with ripe views, or rather whose views are getting constantly modified and checked as he sees more of life, cannot preach well. It requires a certain narrow-mindedness to preach what is called effectively. Youth is the season for vigorous language and earnest convictions, and for confidence and decision. And as it is with intellectual, so is it with æsthetic, qualities. A formed judgment revolts at the crudities and unarguing assumptions, and, in all senses of the word, the presumptions of the earlier stages of intellectual growth, and revolts also at an over-confident and blustering manner. A man must have something, perhaps much, of the feminine nature to preach well. A woman of good feelings and intentions feels it to be a moral duty to express exactly what is in her mind—what are her convictions—only because they are her sincere and honest convictions. So must the preacher, if he is to preach well—that is, to preach sermons that will tell. His concern, he thinks, is not so much with what may be said on the other side, nor even to recognise that there can be any other side, but, because a thing is in him, to out with it, as he would say. This is Mr. Spurgeon's manner. It is in his book as in his sermons. It is simply unfaithful to suppose that there are two sides to any question, and to be in earnest is only to be quite certain of your own line, and immeasurably scornful of everything else. A preacher, to be very popular with congregations such as most congregations are, must be dictatorial and magisterial, contemptuous, violent, and addicted to strong language. Whether these qualities are faults or excellences far be it from us to say, but they are Mr. Spurgeon's, and he is a popular preacher; and he has published a book full of abrupt, unproved, and unargumentative assertions. And proverbial philosophy, as it is oddly called exactly because there is no philosophy in it, consists of assumptions of this coarse and impetuous, but telling, character.

## COMPOUNDER WINS.

THE House of Commons is quietly proceeding to restore the Compound Householder to life, and it is likely to be diverted by more exciting topics from discussing the question of who killed him. Each leader of party has exclaimed by turns to the restless ghost which rose before his appalled eyes—

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

The hand that did the deed was undoubtedly not the hand of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, and it is equally beyond controversy that Macbeth did not stab Banquo. The language of Ministers and ex-Ministers in the House of Commons rather leads, indeed, to the inference that nobody killed the Compound Householder, but that he perished by a lamentable fatality; but in hustings' speeches the same Ministers, or some of them, do not scruple to charge his murder against their adversaries. However, if he is coming back to life, it cannot be necessary to decide who killed him, and we think that the House of Commons upon warm evenings will not be disposed to pursue a barren and interminable inquiry.

The conduct of what is called the Assessed Rates Bill by Mr. Goschen has been a creditable, but necessarily unsuccessful, effort to imitate performers upon a tight-rope or a bicycle. A few years ago Mr. Goschen was invited to come and make a speech at an annual boating dinner, and it appeared that one of his claims

to the attention of the company was that he had never been in a boat but once. It may be thought that the difficulty which Mr. Goschen felt in balancing himself in a sculler's racing-boat was recalled to his mind when he undertook to restore the practice of compounding while preserving the principle of personal payment of rates. He assured the House of Commons that he approached this subject with the most anxious desire not to interfere with the electoral machinery established by the Reform Act of 1867. The man who walks along the greasy pole at a seaside regatta has the most anxious desire not to tumble into the water before he reaches the leg of mutton at the end. Mr. Goschen desired to avoid reviving the political discussions which were so active about two years ago; but nevertheless he would be compelled, in fact if not in word, to invite the House to destroy that which it was then supposed to be particularly desirous to preserve. Mr. Goschen told the House, when he introduced his measure, that the change which he proposed was not at all violent, but went on the acknowledged principle that payment by the landlord was payment by the tenant, if the former was authorized by the latter. The House had solemnly declared that the tenant must pay the rates, but if the landlord paid them it would come, said Mr. Goschen, to the same thing. In order to understand Mr. Goschen's proposal, it must be remembered that by the Reform Act of 1867 it was enacted that where the owner was rated, at the time of the passing of the Act, in respect of a dwelling-house in a borough instead of the occupier, his liability to be rated in future poor-rates should cease, and the occupier was to be rated in respect of the dwelling-house he occupied. Thus the legal liability to pay the rate would rest upon the occupier. This important safeguard of the Constitution, which was called personal payment of rates, being thus embodied in the Act, it passed, and overseers of the poor proceeded to collect rates from small occupiers in pursuance of it. The small occupiers being called upon to pay rates, stated in strong, and often in profane, language that they could not or they would not. Hereupon the overseers issued summonses by thousands, and the defaulting occupiers sent their wives to answer for them, who surrounded the bewildered magistrates and demanded, not without inarticulate shrieks, exemption or indulgence. The Committee of the House of Commons which sat last Session upon this subject received a good deal of evidence, but we do not find that they were attended by a deputation of wives and mothers from Bethnal Green. If they had been, they would perhaps have seen that the economical arguments against compounding, however forcible in the closet, will not bear contact with the realities of English life. The Reform Act was passed as a concession to the class of small householders, and yet it was so framed as almost to drive those householders, where they were most numerous, into resistance to the law.

We are almost tempted to wish that Mr. Disraeli had remained in office, in order that we might have seen how his Government would have manipulated their own Reform Act. If there be a person capable of at once maintaining and abrogating a principle it is Mr. Disraeli, and we really should have liked, if quite agreeable to him, to have seen his performance on the greasy pole. But the task devolved on Mr. Goschen, and he began it with confident alacrity. The small occupier must be rated and must pay the rate, but he might be allowed to deduct it from his rent. Further, it was considered that the small occupier usually occupies by the week, and it could not be right that he should be called upon to pay rate for a prospective period, during which he might be ejected from the tenement. It was accordingly proposed to divide the rate into instalments, so that a weekly tenant should not be called upon to pay an amount of rate greater than two weeks' rent. This proposal, it must be allowed, did not affect the principle, or supposed principle, of the Reform Act; and it was a partial adoption of the view of those opponents of compounding who maintain that if the rate be collected in sufficiently small instalments, it can be paid as easily as the rent—which is manifestly true. Mr. Goschen further stated that he did not intend to interfere with voluntary arrangements by which the landlord paid the rate. Legal compounding was, for high constitutional reasons, abolished by the Reform Act, but illegal compounding was to be encouraged by the Legislature. As things stood, the landlord would not agree to pay the rate for the poorest class of tenants, because he calculated that if he did not do so, they would get excused by the proper authority from paying it. But if the poorest class of tenants were empowered to deduct the rate paid by them from their rent, then, as the landlord would know that he must pay the rate ultimately, he might as well agree to pay it in the first instance. Thus the Bill would not interfere with voluntary arrangements, "but it would rather render it more probable that landlords would adopt them." The inducement to landlords to enter into these voluntary arrangements, even independently of the Bill, was, however, considerable; for parish officers came to Mr. Goschen, and told him that owners were indemnified for undertaking to pay rates by lower assessments of their property, which were of course illegal. Thus Mr. Goschen told the House of Commons, when he introduced his Bill, that the law was habitually broken, but that he proposed to afford some additional encouragements and facilities for breaking it. Let readers bear in mind that the small class of occupiers who are concerned in these arrangements are the class for whom opportunity was to be provided of developing fine moral qualities under the system of personal payment of rates. They were invited to pay their rates in the sight of Heaven and of men,

but they seem to prefer that their landlords should pay and charge it in the rent. On the 25th of February Mr. Goschen had advanced as far as this, that compounding was and remained abolished, and that it would be convenient that it should be more generally practised. He was beginning to walk on the greased pole with commendable steadiness, and he might have reasonably expected, after further practice, to reach the leg of mutton, when he seems suddenly to have bethought himself that it would save a great deal of trouble to scrape off the grease.

On Monday last Mr. Goschen moved the second reading of his Bill, which has undergone considerable amendment. He announced that the Government propose to re-authorize the practice of compounding, by permitting agreements between owners and overseers for the payment of rates, in consideration of a definite commission to be allowed to the owners. Thus the owners will take upon themselves the liability to pay rates, and the occupiers will be relieved from it. There may be differences of opinion as to the limit of yearly value of tenements to which the new system of compounding should be applicable, and as to the percentage of the commission to be allowed to owners. But the principle of personal payment appears to us to be irrevocably gone, and we can only hope that the small occupiers will be able to develop their moral qualities under some other stimulus. The British Constitution will have to do as it best can without the much prized safeguard of personal payment of rates, and the prophets who laid odds upon Compounder may congratulate themselves on their sagacity. Mr. Goschen has endeavoured, as he says, to effect an economical reform without reviving a political controversy. But overwhelming necessity compelled the measure, and it must be allowed to produce its full result; nor will people outside the House of Commons be prevented from mentioning what that result is. Within the House it is proper to speak of the coming to life of the Compound Householder with the same sort of indirectness with which people are apt to speak of death. But although we would not be so exacting as to require an admission from the Opposition that the Compounder is alive, we really do think they ought to abstain from further discussion of the question of who killed him. Mr. Bright's account of the matter is that the Compounder became the victim of the difficulties of Parliament. But notwithstanding the concurrence of all parties in his extinction, he has the audacity to continue to exist, and indeed we may venture to predict that he will live as long as the British Constitution, with or without safeguards. The Compounder, however, is not by nature presumptuous or intrusive; he desires to respect everybody's feelings, and he merely asks permission to remark, "No offence to anybody, but here I am again!"

#### MAGAZINE-WRITING AND DIGNITARIES.

THE Poetry Chair at Oxford was recently commented upon with great discrimination by a wise and experienced critic. He began by welcoming the innovation of adopting an English instead of a Latin dress for the lectures of the Professor. But, although admitting that the late occupant of the chair might be reasonably accepted as a law unto himself, he expressed a hope that future Professors would use their position with a considerably different aim. He regretted the chance of their contenting themselves with the production of merely brilliant essays, that find "a not inappropriate future in fashionable serials." And he pointed out that works of a consecutive and permanent character would be more in keeping with the dignity of both the chair and the University.

A similar train of thought naturally arises when we observe the extent to which various titled persons, and especially Church dignitaries, are just now deeming it advisable to contribute to magazine literature. As in the case of the Poetry Chair, there are two sides to this new development. It is something to witness the spectacle of several Heads of cathedral Chapters violently rebelling against a life of picturesque repose. It is something to find that a Prime Minister *in posse* (and now *in esse*) has read *Ecce Homo* with much interest, and that the MacCullum More has distinct views on "Christian Duty in Matters of Religious Difference." But could we not enjoy these causes of satisfaction without being made to wince under a feeling, we do not say of the ludicrous, but of the singularly *mal-apropos*? For there assuredly is an incongruity when a man who has deservedly risen to a high place in his profession, and who may naturally be supposed (if he does work at all) to be working at some grave and permanent task, steps down into an arena of literary competition where the prevailing tone is light and transitory, and in which he might be thought to have won his spurs long ago. There is the same sort of unfitness in this as if a man who had been a good football player in his youth should not know when to leave off as he grew older. A man should not play at football too late in life. He may escape hacking or shinning. He may find things move smoothly enough. But it is not pleasant to observe that things are being made smooth for him out of deference, and that meantime the game is interfered with.

To justify the literary incongruity of which we have spoken, two things ought to be made out. It should be clear that signed articles by titled persons are for the advantage of the public, and also that they are consistent with the proper dignity of place and office. But are such articles for the advantage of the public? We are not speaking of this or that highly exceptional article, though for our own part we do not see the necessity



of drawing any line of distinction at all. But we are treating the question generally, and the view we should feel disposed to take of it is that writings of this nature are not eminently likely to be for the public advantage. Whichever side we adopt, however, it is clear that we must look to the nature of things, and to the articles themselves. It is not in the nature of things that literature of the sort now under discussion should be particularly useful. When a gifted prelate, who has been writing sermons all his life, and preaching them with the utmost success, finds that sermonesque papers from his pen will be unusually acceptable in a magazine, it is not likely that he will take any extra pains, anything that can be called serious labour, in the preparation of them. Will he not choose an easy, elastic subject, and treat it *corrente calamo* easily, popularly? That he will do so it would seem natural to expect, and this is corroborated by the evidence of a paper now before us. It is the work of an eloquent Bishop, and it bears his signature; the subject is "Jacob," and Jacob comes sixth in an alliterative series of "Heroes of Hebrew History." Now it is, we should think, quite impossible for this right reverend author to compose anything devoid of a certain graceful movement and easy flow. Nor are such characteristics wanting in this semi-biographical memoir of his sixth hero. But what are we to say about the quality and texture of this article? There is one word, and only one, in the language which will come near a true description of it. We do not think that the very able author of "Jacob" will mind our using it; and we are almost certain that he will agree with us in its application. The article is *mild*. It is so mild that we should have been puzzled to explain how it got into its place at all had we not perceived that it was a mitred article. The old delusion that a "rose by any other name will smell as sweet" has been long since exposed. And, when you come to investigate the aroma of an article, it will be found that the name goes a very, very long way indeed. We can scarcely regard it as a state of things likely to prove essentially beneficial to readers of magazines that archbishops and bishops contribute to them.

In the same periodical that contains "Jacob," there is a paper forming part of a series of "Pamphlets for the People," by a Dean. The prominent feature of this article, called "Right Views of Life," is a very successful mastery of the popular tone and style. We do not make out that the paper is a particularly useful one. The contrast between ideal and fact is made much of. We are told of the top of a cliff, breezy and open, good for sea views and many more things—that is the stratum of opinion. Presently you come to a "fault" in the cliff summit; the stratum breaks off suddenly; "you look down, down, down; and you find it (the stratum) again with some difficulty in the gutter, fouled and obliterated"—this is the stratum of action. Now, whether this is useful or not, it is at any rate smart with the smartness of magazines. When we read such writings, and see advertised by the same author in a recent magazine list "A Week on the North Coast of Cornwall," and presently after, "Cornwall Again," we feel that there may after all be some things less suitable than picturesque repose is to great place and office.

For, to turn to the question of suitableness and dignity, this immoderate activity in minor penmanship, if not imperatively called for by strong and distinct reasons, has an unpleasant air about it. To begin with, it looks like pushing, and that is never dignified. We dare say that an undue use of the prestige of position was the very last thing that occurred to the minds of the excellent writers we now have in view. But we are speaking of appearances—of literary tone and manners. It is recorded of Sir Lancelot and the King that they

In open battle or the tilted field  
Forbore their own advantage, and these two  
Were the most nobly-mannered men of all.

Now when, in one year and in the same magazine, there appear no fewer than twenty-seven articles, about twenty of which are by bishops and deans, and the rest by a great Minister and a great duke, all bearing their authors' signatures, it certainly does look as if, in the tilting field of monthly literature, King Arthur's rule were not quite strictly observed. There must have been a great many young knights of the pen "killed in the tilt" that year; no matter how "full of lusthood" they might be, the great old warriors with their prestige of armorial bearings and the Dragon of the Pendragonship did not bate one jot of their advantage, but drove them all back neck and crop to the barrier. That, at least, was the look of the thing.

But what are bishops and deans to do then? If they have something useful to say, and wish for a large public to read what they have to say, are they to hold their peace for no other reason than that they are great officers of the Church? Is it not a thing both lawful and expedient that they should utter themselves in a magazine, and give to what they utter the *imprimatur* of their name and office? These are questions which it is best to meet by another question. What is to prevent men of great place, who wish to deliver themselves for the benefit of the multitude, from writing anonymously in journals, or from writing a book? A man in high ecclesiastical office might write in an anonymous journal, as many such men do, and might gain as wide a hearing as heart could wish, while at the same time he would completely avoid the undesirable appearances which have been touched upon. There is no silencing the "foolish vulgar"; and the foolish vulgar will persist in wondering what a writer with a distin-

guished appendage to his name may reckon on getting for his magazine article. That is a question which we should no more think of asking than we should be curious to know how much a bishop would give for a new mitre, supposing he wanted to buy one. But mitres and coronets and shovel-hats should be serenely removed above all possibility of dubious reflection, even when it proceeds from the guesses of the foolish vulgar. For these inquisitive people do not confine themselves to the single inquiry mentioned above. They go on to ask what are the duties of the offices which admit to so free an extent of the pleasing task or relaxation involved in the production of slight literature, and a good many questions besides into which we shall not attempt to follow them.

It is worth while to add, however, one word more. If the graver departments of anonymous literature will not suffice to exhaust the superfluous activity of dignitaries, do not books supply the more fitting alternative resource? The books, deserving the name and place of English Classics, now produced by the foremost officers of the most learned Church in Christendom, are not so many but that we could well afford to have their number added to. We should not have liked to ask the Dean of St. Patrick's what his candid literary estimate might be of a paper like the "Heroes of Hebrew History"; nor to put the witty Canon of St. Paul's on the scent of that apologue about the "cliff and the gutter." For we have no doubt that the ecclesiastical magazine-writers do, after all, approach nearer to the ideal of earnest Churchmen than either of those their famous predecessors in Church office. But we should have been much interested in asking a man like the late Dean of St. Paul's whether the design of the *Latin Christianity* would not have been injuriously risked, and its style and execution materially interfered with, by the frequent production of such ephemeral and flimsy writing as will often pass current in a magazine, and will certainly pass current with the aid of a well-known name and office to back it up. We should be the very last to insinuate of any of these industrious, though as we think mistaken, writers that,

Eager of a name,  
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.

Of more than one of the number that satire could not be true, possessing as they do reputations which the most brilliant magazine success could do nothing to enhance. But we do not hesitate to submit to their consideration that they are damaging their chances of usefulness in higher literature, and placing great office in a seemingly false position, for the sake of a public advantage which to us appears uncertain in the last degree.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

v.

WE propose to devote the present article to portraits and to foreign pictures, after which we shall conclude the series by a paper on *genre* paintings and landscapes. It was usual to vote the portraits in Trafalgar Square a nuisance, but in the new building the number is no longer too great to preclude the possibility of easy and pleasing distribution. It were absurd to decry a portrait simply because it is a portrait, for some of the most consummate works known in the whole range of art history are portraits and nothing more, such as the so-called Gervartius in our National Gallery, by Vandyke; Leo X., by Raffaele, and La Bella of Titian, severally in the Pitti; Innocent X. in the Doria Palace, Rome, by Velasquez; the Daughters of Earl Waldegrave, and the Duchess of Devonshire with her Infant Child, by Reynolds. Therefore, if people grow disgusted with the portraits in the Royal Academy, the cause must be either that their knowledge does not reach to the appreciation of such simple art elements as form, character, light, shade, and colour, when dis severed from incident and story, or else that portrait-painting in our day has sunk beneath the dignity of a noble profession. We believe that neither of these causes separately, but rather both combined, have led the public generally to decry the portraits of the Royal Academy.

The Academy has sometimes been designated a private Society of portrait-painters, and it has now, for the fourth time, a portrait-painter for its President. Sir Francis Grant has been known to warn students against contemporary criticism; perhaps he and others would prefer to be judged by posterity. And yet we do not see that his eight contributions to this year's Exhibition have much to fear. For example, the full-length of "Mrs. Gathorne Hardy" (142) possesses rare art qualities; the bearing of the figure is ladylike, the whole treatment quiet and refined; indeed, in the management of greys and the use of silver tones, this work has somewhat in common with Reynolds. We also have been accustomed to admire such clever sketchy facility as is apparent in the portrait of Lady Madeline Taylor (310); it needs a true artist thus to throw off a likeness with the free play of the pencil. Again, it is known that Sir Francis has a special vocation for subjects such as the Equestrian Portrait of the late Earl of Harrington (202), and "The Belvoir Hunt" (143). Perhaps we can seldom expect a very profound reading of character, yet the President has a graceful pleasant way of showing off the ladylike and gentlemanly traits in a figure. There are other Academicians who bring into portraiture—to borrow a thought from Reynolds—the noble intent, the large manner, caught from a higher sphere. Among these

may be ranked Mr. Elmore, Mr. Millais, and Mr. Watts; all three secure for portraiture colour, and it may be questioned whether a great portrait-painter can exist who is not a colourist. The truth of the conjecture may receive illustration in the failure of two otherwise admirable portraits—that of “The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge” (72), by Mr. S. Laurence, and that of “Mr. Robert Browning” (336), by the same painter; there are here present most of the qualities essential to a good portrait except that of colour. The flesh is, in fact, opaque and colourless. A certain hardness and dryness of manner afflicts Mr. Poynter occasionally, as, for example, in the head of “Alexander Walter, Esq.” (269). There are painters, indeed, who would do well to remember the satire once spoken, that for a portrait the first requirement is that it shall be a good picture; the second, that it shall be fairly like the sitter. We should imagine that supreme colourists such as Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts are almost inevitably led to sacrifice the likeness to the pictorial effect, and yet those great masters of the art, Titian, Tintoret, and Moroni, seem to have reconciled literal facts with rapturous harmonies. Mr. Millais has turned the portrait of “Nina, daughter of Frederick Lehmann, Esq.” (127), into a charming fancy picture; his treatment of “Mr. John Fowler” (225) does not strike us as fortunate, yet the canvas reflects colour from Venice. Mr. Watts, who through study of the old Italian Masters, together with a noble conception of the aim and scope of modern art, has thrown into portraiture more than common significance, is this year not at his best. “A Portrait” (327), indeed, shows unexpected allegiance to the modern French school; the manner is strong by reason of the loading of pigment in the lights; the colours glazed into the shadows are but stains; the just relation between colours in light and shade is lost. Mr. Richmond, R.A., since he forsook black and white, has made strenuous though abortive efforts after colour. He contributes eight pictures which for the most part are at once ruddy and black; to gain red the painter will, in default of more rational devices, intrude even a red curtain. We give preference, among a rare choice of dignitaries, to the “Venerable Archdeacon Bickersteth” (734), chiefly because the head and figure recall those inimitable studies in light and shade the absence of which in the Academy we have to deplore. For the intelligent reading of character, the subtle and tender modulation of form, we know nothing more admirable than the crayons by Mr. Richmond in former years, such, for example, as the study of the head of Mr. Keble.

The Academy, fortunately for the varied tastes, features, and figures of sitters, is able to present divers styles of the portrait-painter's art. The Academician who succeeds in painting a lady of sixty is scarcely the man for a girl of sixteen; and the artist who can indent lines of thought on the ample forehead of a philosopher, may not have the smooth sweep of pencil most agreeable to the polished man of society. Mr. Wells, A.R.A., may, we fear, be ready to yield to the temptations which beset the fashionable portrait-painter; among his present efforts we lack that solid, sober, student work which gained him entrance to the Academy on the strength of one of the most masterly portrait compositions we remember, “Volunteers at Firing-point.” Yet are we inclined to assign little short of the highest position to the picture of “Charles Magniac, Esq., M.P.” (68). The head is finely modelled, the figure poses easily within the canvas, the accessories, including velvet coat, cabinet, objects in lapis lazuli, &c., are painted with sufficient realism, and the whole composition, sustained in active yet quiet colour, is brought together into balance and repose. Mr. Sant, A.R.A., is another painter who makes his sitters rejoice under brilliant blandishments of the brush. Yet the portrait of “Mrs. Henry Bevan” is simple, grey, and quiet, while the full length of “Madlle. Helda de Bunsen” (173) has a grace in carriage and a gleam of sunlight glancing on the face, which seldom fail to gain general applause. As a companion to the last picture hangs one no less attractive, the portrait of “The Duchess of Athol” (169), by Mr. Buckner. The drapery is silvery and fluffy, the form unsubstantial; the whole picture is evanescent and artificial. There are, in fact, in the Academy portraits upon which we gaze with the same sort of admiration that we bestow on the dressy shop-fronts in Regent Street. The milliner verily is an artist, and there are artists who are milliners. We would commend for refinement and finish portraits by Mr. Lehmann and the Hon. H. Graves. Mr. Weigall too, though he has failed in painting men, is to be praised for a “Portrait” (356) of an old lady; this quiet, thoughtful picture is a careful study of character; the head and the hands are brought into accordant expression. Among the eccentricities of genius may be mentioned a “Portrait” (489) by M. Legros, dry and leathery in skin, repellent in character; also “Liszt” (771), by Mr. Healy; the musician-monk carries a candle—symbol perchance of light in a dark world; the large brain—skull rather than face—seems burdened with thought and intent on a mission. The picture has more individual character than direct art merit. The Scotch school of portrait-painting is not extinct with the death of its great exponent, Sir Watson Gordon. Mr. Macnee, R.A., has a simple, firmly-painted picture, “William Jackson, Esq.” (177); Mr. Macbeth brings vigorous vengeance upon “the late Sir David Brewster” (222); while, in a style of romance and colour, Mr. Herdman places “Lady Clinton” (486) gracefully in the midst of green fields and trees. We must not forget “Mrs. Barstow” (714), a remarkable achievement by Mr. Sandys, admirable for fidelity, and even for flesh tones. Other portraits in the Academy may be thought to recall Titian, Vandyke, or Reynolds; this work, which

after its kind is unsurpassed, can be compared only with Van Eyck or Memling.

Foreign pictures have this year become a distinguishing feature in the Exhibition. In a recent review of the French and Flemish Gallery we spoke of several of the masters who again appear here. Our present notice must be brief. We have marked for observation twenty-seven painters represented by thirty-eight pictures. Of these we can speak only of the chief. M. Alma-Tadema, the Dutchman, has become familiar even to Englishmen; he is taken up by the dealers; there has been an extensive importation of his works to this country. The artist received a second-class prize in the Paris International Exhibition; in our Academy, the comparative standards being different, he naturally rises to the foremost rank. Certainly nothing after their kind can be finer than “Un Amateur Romain” (154) and “Une danse Pyrrhique” (421). The classic revival, of which signs are springing up, not only in England, but throughout Europe, receives in these realistic yet imaginative pictures, powerful manifestation. They are remarkable for conception, drawing, handling, and colour, and what was at one time eccentric and repulsive in the artist's manner is abated. We think it fortunate that the English public has not to endure more than one specimen of the kind of thing that passes at the present moment for religious art on the Continent. “The Evening of Good Friday on Mount Calvary” (439), by M. Victor-Louis Mottez, years since a pupil of MM. Ingres and Picot, serves as a painful example of what is weakly, spasmodic, affected and false in the spurious schools of sacred art. Such a work can teach only those qualities which it is the duty of every honest painter to avoid. M. Mottez belongs to the past; he was born at Lille as long back as 1809, and became Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1846, but he obtained no place in the last *Exposition Universelle* at Paris. Madame Jerichau does not obtain admission for more than two pictures; and really the “Italian Girl spinning” (166) is fairly good; nothing new can be said of an artist who exhibits wholesale everywhere; the persuasion each year grows stronger that such works must be multiplied by machinery. To the same rude Scandinavian school belongs “Jalousie,” by M. F. Fagerlin; a capital rustic picture, which stood well in the Swedish department of the Great Paris Exhibition. We find in our catalogue of that Exhibition a note commending the truthful transcript here given of national peasant life, the plain honesty of the painting, and the independence of the style. The picture is evidently allied to the school of M. Tidemand, the Norwegian. Neither M. A. Legros, who may be said to represent French naturalism, nor M. Rudolph Lehmann, who blends the schools of France and Germany, can be any longer classed among foreigners; each appears to advantage in the present Academy. It is scarcely needful that we should speak in detail of the works of M. Frère, M. Baugnet, M. Merle, or Madlle. Rosa Bonheur; the English public cannot have too many opportunities of testing the distinctive traits of national schools thus represented by rare master-works. By less well-known artists we note two works, rare in quality, “Grace before Dinner” (841), by M. Michael, of Berlin, and “The Room of Antiquities in the Louvre” (825), by M. Navlet; also we must not overlook water-colour drawings and lithographs remarkable for power, movement, and mastery, by M. Theodore Horschelt, the Bavarian who gained, in Paris in 1867, the distinction of a “Premier Prix.”

Landscape-painting, as practised on the Continent, is this year represented within the Academy by three, if not four, distinctive schools. First, the great French school is present in two of its most famous masters, M. Corot and M. Daubigny, each distinct from the other. We cannot pass over that strongly characteristic work by the latter, “Un Passage sur les bords de l'Oise; soleil couchant” (158); the treatment is broad and intentional; there is conscious presence of colour in the deepest shadow; within somewhat circumscribed limits of light and colour the relations are true; a solemn unison of tone is studiously maintained. Then, again, “Les Nymphes” (152), and “Figures with Landscape” (422), are excellent examples of M. Corot, an artist singular in genius, supreme in eccentricity. These pictures, which stand at the antipodes to our English landscapes, show how much motive and expression may reside in monotone. Variety of colour, sparkle of light, accident in detail, are all sacrificed for unison of tone, balance in composition, and oneness of expression. The sacrifice thus made may be deemed too great for the good attained. We doubt whether a distinctive national school for Italy can be made out of the landscapes of Signor Vertumni, Signor Borgia, and Signor de Tivoli; the style is obviously allied to the French, and strangely divided, wide as the poles asunder, from the historic manners of Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, or Claude. Signor Vertumni's “View in the Pontine Marshes” (845) is solemnly impressive. These Italians seem proud of their malaria districts; they have sent three of these pontifical swamps to the Academy. Again, among the national schools of Europe, it is pleasant to recognise the pastorals of Holland, dewy and green, emerald touched with gold, in that capital landscape of a “Dutch Meadow, with Cattle” (232), by M. De Haas, an artist deservedly of high repute throughout Europe. This Dutch manner, it will be observed, is distinctive; different from that of Troyon or Bonheur in France or of Cooper in England. Historically speaking, the style is derivative from Paul Potter and Karl du Jardin. Lastly may be distinguished, in three grand scenic pictures—“The Castle of the Holy Graal” (121), by Count Kalkreuth, of Vienna—“Landscape in Smaland, Sweden” (146), by Professor Bergh, of Stockholm, and “The Sierra Nevada



Mountains, California" (309), by A. Bierstadt, the American—the heroic and melodramatic landscape of Germany. We do not stop to inquire what right the Americans have to Mr. Bierstadt. The fact is, the painter is German by name, parentage, and education; his art, which could not possibly have originated in America, was learnt in Dusseldorf. These distinctive national schools of landscape are now brought, almost for the first time, within the arena of our English art. In our next and concluding paper we may institute some comparison between foreign and English modes of delineating nature.

The precise policy which should govern the Academy in the admission of foreign pictures will require anxious reconsideration. The advantages to be derived by the immediate presence of Continental schools is obvious; indeed, Sir Charles Eastlake and others advocated the creation of a special class of honorary members, to be chosen from the most distinguished artists of the Continent, and we find a recommendation from the Royal Commissioners that such "honorary foreign members" "should be entitled to send a certain number of pictures to the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy." In fact, measures thus generous, not to say politic, have been urged among the advantages likely to accrue from a new building. But then we have to observe that it was always assumed that the foreign artists thus privileged should be illustrious, not obscure. Now how stands the case at present? what is the quality of the pictures which have driven out the works of our native artists? We have already shown our appreciation of these works, yet, if collected together, they would make a poor show in the dealer's Exhibition in Pall Mall, known as "the French Exhibition." Let us submit these pictures to another test—the standard supplied by the awards made in the last International Exhibition. Thus the recipients of the "Grands Prix" were Cabanel, Gérôme, Meissonier, Rousseau, Kaulbach, Knaus, Leys, and Ussi; yet one and all are wanting to our Academy. Again, conspicuous only by absence are such great painters as Breton, Français, Fromentin, Millet, Robert-Fleury, Hamon, Hébert, and Comte, among the French; Piloty, Achenbach, and Leu, among the Germans; and Gallait, Leys, Stevens, Willems, and Israëls, among the Dutch and Belgians. Thus we are scarcely astonished to find that it is the unillustrious who have met with favour in England; so insignificant indeed are some of the painters who seek among us honours denied to them at home that, though possessing a tolerable knowledge of Continental schools, we have been driven to dictionaries and catalogues, and still these foreigners can give no satisfactory account of themselves. The Academy is in a dilemma; it is to be hoped that it will not be duped a second year. On the one hand, it is evident that the new building is not greatly in excess of the growing requirements of our own painters, and moreover it is manifest that the rejection of two or three thousand English pictures implies prospects blighted, and the hopes of long years indefinitely postponed. On the other hand, we think it cannot be questioned that for the sake of interchange of national courtesies, and for the removal of what may possibly be narrow and exclusive in our insular art, it is wise to provide for the reception of choice and representative works from the schools of the Continent. The Academy seems to have been actuated by the best intentions; and self-interest may be found a sufficient safeguard in the future against the wholesale admission of second-rate products by unknown foreigners.

#### THE GRAND PRIX AND ASCOT.

DESPITE the value of the great Paris prize, and the increasing number of entries for it, it has quite failed hitherto to attain to that importance, as an international event, which was contemplated by its founders. The first hindrance to its success was the magnitude of the forfeits, but that has been obviated by permitting nominators to pay 4 sovs. only, if they declare by the first of May. The prudence of this proceeding is shown by the fact that the entries, which had fallen as low as 77, rose this year to 170, while for next year they amount to 211. Another objection that has been made, on account of the race being run on Sunday, is probably more affected than real; but the true cause of its failure to attract the best English horses is the time of the year that has been chosen for its celebration. There is only an interval of one week between our own great meetings of Epsom and Ascot, affording but just sufficient breathing-time for our three-year-olds engaged in the valuable stakes at either place. Heavily taxed as are the energies of horses nowadays, it is too much to expect that they can be deprived of this short and necessary rest, and endure a long and tedious journey, as well as a sea passage—in itself enough to knock up the majority of horses—and then hurry back, the day after the *Grand Prix*, to be in time for Ascot. Most of those who have attempted this over-work have failed. Lord Clifden failed; the great Blair Athol failed; and The Earl did not run at Epsom, and so went over comparatively fresh. Gladiateur succeeded, but, then, what could Gladiateur not do? Whether he was trained or untrained, whether his leg was swollen to twice its natural size or was reduced to proper dimensions, whether he lost the start or gained it, signified but little. When once he got into his mighty stride, nothing could live with him. Besides, Count Lagrange's horses have acquired a happy knack of crossing backwards and forwards between France and England without suffering ill effects. From their youth up they are taught to

travel by land and sea; but the trip from Dover to Calais generally incapacitates our horses from showing their best form for days afterwards. Thus we are not surprised at so few representatives of England being found among the entries for this year's race, and next year there is a similar falling off. The increased number of subscribers testifies to the rapid growth of Continental racing. Only three horses went over from England on this occasion—The Drummer, Ryshworth, and Tim Bobbin. The French horses were Consul, winner of the French Two Thousand and Derby, Curieuse and Boulogne, his stable companions, Glaneur, Péripétie, Ostrogoth, Clotho, Cerdagne, and Wild Oats. On public running the race seemed to be a certainty for The Drummer, for he beat Perry Down a long way in the Derby, and Perry Down was tried superior to Consul, who in turn beat Glaneur easily in the French Derby. It was whispered that Wild Oats was quite sound again; but if Matthew Dawson could not train him, it was hardly likely that any one in France could do better, and the Longchamps course does not at all suit horses with doubtful legs. Nothing need be said of the remainder of the field, except Glaneur, as it was obvious that they could have no chance. Though Glaneur was, as we have said, beaten by Consul in the French Derby, he has run so well since that his friends were confident that that defeat was accidental, and on the *Grand Prix* day he was by far the most popular candidate of the twelve. It was no secret that The Drummer, like Lord Clifden and Blair Athol, had suffered from the journey, and was by no means so well as could be wished. But, despite that, he would probably have proved himself to be good enough to beat all that were opposed to him had he not met with an accident at a critical point of the race. Boulogne struck into his heels, and The Drummer as nearly as possible went down on his nose. He was of course knocked completely out of his stride, and Fordham had to ride him hard to get him to work again. For all that, he ran with such unflinching gameness that he gained upon Glaneur (who had taken every advantage of the accident) at every stride, and in ten yards more would have passed him; but, as it was, he just failed to get up, and was beaten by a short head. Ryshworth, who must have run with unwonted spirit, was only a neck from the second, and Consul was a moderate fourth. Wild Oats was lame before the race, and walked in with the crowd. Fordham thus just missed winning this great race for the third year in succession, he having carried it off last year on The Earl, and the year before on Fervacques. Glaneur is by Buckthorn, once the property of Lord Palmerston, and belongs to M. Lupin, who has frequently run horses on the English Turf, and who won the Northamptonshire Stakes and Goodwood Cup a few years ago with Dollar. The issue of the race shows that the French three-year-olds are a long way behind the best English three-year-olds; for, but for his accident, The Drummer, though coughing, must have won, while in England he has yet to prove his claims to a place in the first rank.

There was, as usual, a brilliant programme for the first day of Ascot, though the Ascot Stakes can no longer be considered the race of the meeting, the number of subscribers having gradually dwindled away from 218 in 1848 to 40 in the present year. The numerous other attractions in the way of weight for age races, to which such large sums of money are added, have brought about this result, as well as the institution of the great autumn handicaps, for which so many animals are annually reserved. The Prince of Wales's Stakes, worth nearly four thousand pounds, must have the first claim to notice, although the number of runners was lamentably small. There were in fact only five—Pero Gomez (5 lbs. extra), King Cophetua, Consul, Typhon, and Martyrdom. Pretender was in the paddock, looking none the better for his exertions in the Derby, but he would have had to carry 9 lbs. extra, and at the last moment it was decided not to start him. We may mention, by the way, that Pretender very nearly met with the fate of Klarikoff on his journey southwards, the train being delayed for several hours in consequence of his box being discovered to be on fire. With the St. Leger in prospect it was doubtless prudent in Mr. Jardine to withdraw his horse, particularly as Pero Gomez was looking uncommonly well, and, as it happens, he would probably have been neither first nor second.

The Duke of Beaufort was also an absentee, having several other engagements during the week. King Cophetua was started to make the running for Pero Gomez, and Consul (who looked none the worse for having been racing at Paris two days before) and Typhon went, we suppose, on the chance of getting the money allotted to the second or third. The race was run at only a moderate pace, King Cophetua making such running as he could. Pero Gomez lay throughout in a good position, and Martyrdom was kept in the rear. Three-quarters of a mile from home they were all nearly abreast, but before coming to the turn for home Fordham took a judicious pull at Martyrdom, and steadied him. Half-way up the straight Wells was obliged to ride Pero Gomez, and for an instant Typhon looked dangerous, but at the distance Martyrdom was brought up, and, fairly outstaying Pero Gomez at the finish, won very cleverly by a length, thus recompensing Lord Calthorpe and Captain Machell for their previous disappointments with him. He certainly showed to much more advantage over a longer course than we could have anticipated, and unless Pretender is a better stayer than Pero Gomez, of which we have considerable doubts, the St. Leger presents a much more open appearance than was anticipated. We do not think that, without the extra 4 lbs., Pero Gomez would have won on this occasion, and it

is probable that a mile and a quarter is as much as he cares for. Only four ran for Her Majesty's Gold Vase, the distance, two miles, quite frightening horses of the present day. These four were Morna, Lancet, St. Mungo, and Thorwaldsen. The latter was ridden in blinkers, and was started with the assistance of a large hunting-whip, from which we infer that his temper is not of the most placable. The pace was, as usual in these races, miserably slow, and St. Mungo unfortunately broke down badly in the moment of victory. Lancet was beaten at the distance, and Thorwaldsen fairly wore down Morna, who does not look at all like a two-miler. Indeed, with all their quality and racing-like looks, there is a certain deficiency of substance about nearly all the Beadsmans that suggests absence of staying power. Not only had Sir Joseph Hawley the mortification of running second in both these races, but for the third great race of the day, the Ascot Stakes, as again on Thursday in the Gold Cup, he was second also. There was a very fair field for the Ascot Stakes. Ambitious and The Dean, the respective schoolmasters, or assistant-schoolmasters, of Pero Gomez and Pretender, Cecil and Sycee, noted handicap horses, Ruric, second for the Ascot Stakes last year, King Alfred, whose performances require no recapitulation, Make Haste, Our Mary Ann, and Choral, were decidedly a string of competitors above the average for a race of this kind. There was also an animal called Bête Noir, of whom very few people appeared to know anything, where he came from, how he was bred, or what he had done. The handicapper, we presume, must have been in a similar state of blissful ignorance, for he indulged him with the lenient impost of 5 st. 7 lbs. But this Bête Noir, when known as the colt by Marsyas, out of Leprosy, won two Nurseries at Stockton last year, carrying very respectable weights, and beating animals of some pretensions, such as Good Hope, the colt by Carnival out of Allington, The Clipper, and others. And this Bête Noir, being now treated as if he were a plater of the lowest order, had no difficulty in winning very cleverly at the finish, after a pretty fast race, in which nearly the whole of the running was made by Ambitious. King Alfred was third on sufferance, and the rest were widely scattered. It ought to be a maxim with handicappers never to admit at a feather weight an animal that has won a good Nursery. Sir Joseph Hawley has this year run second for the One Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the Gold Vase, the Ascot Stakes, and the Gold Cup—rather a heavy list of disappointments.

Notwithstanding these reverses, the cherry jacket was twice successful on Tuesday, with Vagabond in the first race, who went twice as fast as any of his twelve opponents, and won in a canter, and with Waif in the Maiden Plate, who won a good race by a head from Flyaway Jack, and twenty-one others. Sir Joseph Hawley won this same race, for which there is always a large field, in 1866 with The Palmer, and the year after with Rosicrucian. The Twelfth Biennial was the principal two-year-old race of the day, and the eleven starters included Countryman (brother to Rustic), a powerful but somewhat heavy looking colt, Nobleman, by The Marquis, Mont Blanc, and the winner, a colt by Thormanby out of Bluebell. This was a great day for the Thormanbys, the Gold Vase and both the two-year-old races having been carried off by his stock. The Fifteenth Triennial was left to Formosa, Restitution, Blueskin, and The Laird, and the beautiful daughter of Buccaneer won cleverly from Baron Rothschild's horse. We must add that two once celebrated horses appeared to-day after a long retirement. Plaudit and Rosicrucian ran for the Queen's Stand Plate, which attracted an excellent field, including King Victor, Normanby, Lumley, Honest, and Mahonia. The winner turned up most unexpectedly in Gertrude, who ran second to Guy Dayrell for the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate. King Victor was second, only a head from Plaudit. Indeed, Rosicrucian and Plaudit both looked formidable opposite the Stand, where the former gave way, and was at once eased. He is as handsome as ever, but looked very big, and it is to be feared, cannot stand really hard work. Plaudit, however, ran so well that there is no reason why he should not win some races over short courses. Normanby, first favourite for the Derby of 1870, was amiss, and could only get fourth place, while Lumley, who could do anything last year, can do nothing now, and finished the absolute last.

Ascot is too important and too popular a subject to be exhausted in a single paper, and the remarkable racing for the Cup on Thursday, which is of course the centre of the attraction of Ascot, and the conclusion of the meeting on Friday, will give us sufficient materials for a second article.

## REVIEWS.

### VEITCH'S MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.\*

(Second Notice.)

WHEN we turn from the social, external life of Sir William Hamilton to his intellectual life, we find it full of a peculiar interest. It is, indeed, to the student and the scholar that it most directly appeals. But even the practical and the busy will not look upon this silent and secluded, yet energetic, existence with-

out some of that "loyal respect" by which Mr. Carlyle was touched before his personal acquaintance with Hamilton began. The house in Howe Street, in a fine silent neighbourhood, with a North light which was economized by having no curtains to the study, and quartos lying about on the window-sill, were the outward symptoms of the inhabitant who was gradually revealed to Mr. Carlyle as

a man of good birth, though of small fortune, who had deep faculties, and an insatiable appetite for wise knowledge, who was titulary an advocate, but had no practice, nor sought any; had gathered his modest means thriftily together, and sat down here with his mother and cousin and his store of books, frankly renouncing all ambitions except what I well recognised to be the highest and one real ambition in this dark ambiguous world (p. 122).

It may perhaps be thought that the controversy about Sir W. Hamilton's merits is too recent, and has been too unfriendly, to allow an impartial estimate to be made, or, if made, to be attended to. It seems to us that such an estimate is not only possible, but that it has been facilitated by the previous debate. And a true diagnosis of Hamilton's intellect is a full and sufficient answer to the sentence of degradation as a "philosopher" which has been passed upon him since the publication of Mr. Mill's *Examination*.

There have been—nay, even still are—scholars, in the widest sense of the word, men who have a universal acquaintance with the fine literature of all ages. But scholars are usually not only not philosophers, but have a secret aversion to what seem to them the arid and thorny wastes of speculative discussion. Men of the Erasmus type have a horror of metaphysics. On the other hand, the typical metaphysician is seldom a man of much reading. Hobbes, Locke, Reid, Whately, were not scholars—nay, were content with a very limited knowledge even of what had been written on the subjects they discussed. Minds which have any degree of inventiveness are usually too much enamoured of their own suggestions to care to know what others have thought, as great talkers are apt to be bad listeners. Each type of mind has its weakness. The weak side of the scholar type is that the scholar omits from his reading the strongest and most original books. The defect of the original thinker is that he exaggerates the importance of the merely new, attributing a value to that which he excogitates for no other reason than because he has thought it.

The characteristic distinction of Sir W. Hamilton's mind is the equilibrium in which the acquisitive and inventive faculties held each other. No professed metaphysician in our time has known so much of past philosophical opinion. No one so deeply read in philosophical literature has retained so much vigour of judgment and ingenuity of original thought. When occupied upon any subject, it was a necessity of his mind to ascertain all that others had said upon it. His appetite for books was insatiable, and his love of them for themselves was great. Yet he never fell into the miser's delusion of substituting the gold for that which the gold can purchase. Books were to him always a means, not an end. He looked upon reading as an aid to thinking, and he read, not to remember, but to know. "My acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton," says De Quincey, "soon apprised me that of all great readers he was the one to whom it was most indispensable that he should react by his own mind on what he read." The intelligence was ever active to vitalize the passive process of reception. What he read he digested and subordinated by the judgment. His logical cast of mind compelled him to place and arrange as he read. He even carried it so far that in the study of any subject he did not read books as he got them, but divided and arranged its points before beginning his researches. Intense attention and thought, the power of referring each thing to its class and place, had been at work in the first process of storing; hence each impression remained clear and distinct, the more recent not obscuring the more remote, but all lay side by side, capable of ready recall and immediate application. This fulness and orderliness of methodical knowledge was specially tested in the class-room on those days when students rose to give voluntary accounts of men or tenets of which no notice had been given previously. This necessity of knowing all that had been thought on a subject before writing on it was an impediment to the readiness of his pen. When he had once begun to write, he could write with great rapidity, but it was a difficulty to begin. The love of research led him so far that he would amass more material than he could use. Hence his finished productions are few, and are contained entirely in the volume entitled *Discussions*. Even in the papers in this volume there is a great difference in point of elaboration. Out of sixteen articles which the volume contains, only some four or five can be regarded as fully adequate to that ideal of exhaustive treatment which the author set always before him, but seldom had the time to exemplify. The articles entitled "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," "Philosophy of Perception," "Logic," "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," besides their other merits, may be pointed to as having for the first time in this country set the example of writing up to the level of the information extant on the subject.

If this is a just account of Hamilton's mental habit, the censure so commonly passed upon him, that he has added no new truth to philosophy is seen at once to be inappropriate. Instead of denying the truth of the censure, and attempting to refute it by alleging the doctrine of the quantification of the predicate, or any other of his logical theories, we are willing to admit that it may be true. Yet, even admitting that he struck out no new truths, properly so called, the services rendered by Sir W. Hamilton to the cause of philosophy may justly rank with those of

\* *Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veitch, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.



the most eminent names in its history. His friends and advocates may well be content to rest his claims on what is indisputable—his philosophical learning, in the sense in which it has been explained above. Exhaustive possession, methodical arrangement, and intelligent appreciation are what is meant by the term "learning." These are precisely the elements in which speculative philosophy in this country, including Scotland, was weak. If we look back to the early years of the century, that generation seems brilliant with the names of poets, thinkers, talkers of surpassing genius. Strong, masculine, original conception marks even their fragmentary utterances. But knowledge they had none. Anything worthy of the name of study or work was unknown to them. Hence the want of catholicity of view, the note of provinciality, which we now find in their writings. They see no subject as a whole, but take a magnified view of some one of its parts. In our own day we have another phase of the same mental defect—a defect which almost appears to be a national characteristic, so persistent is it under a variety of forms. The practical readiness with which Englishmen undertake to do, to say, and to teach, without any adequate information on the matter in hand, is strongly marked in our art and literature, and is nowhere more apparent than in our leading philosophical writers. The term in current use well expresses the quality of this staple commodity. It is "thought," and the writer is complimented as a "thinker." Against this tendency of philosophical speculation in this country, which places its ideal in "originality," Sir William Hamilton may be regarded as a reaction and a protest. Instead of that superficial knowledge of the past, and that disdainful attitude towards it, which is the characteristic of "modern thought," he stood up to show that it is only in the light of the past that a true apprehension of the present is possible. For the narrow world of contemporary impression, dignified by the name experience, which bounds the horizon of our "thinkers," Hamilton aimed to substitute the experience of the race, as recorded in books. The conceited neglect of the historical aspect of philosophical questions throws away the only data for a solution of the questions themselves, as the very terms in which the questions must of necessity be stated depend for their meaning on their history. Hamilton may be justly said in this respect to have restored and vindicated the true method of philosophical inquiry. The unlabouring interrogation of consciousness which had constituted the method of the Scottish philosophy of the last century sank at once on Hamilton's appearance. For the first time in the history of British speculation an encyclopædic enumeration of the departments of intellectual philosophy, a statement of their mutual relations, and of the questions appropriate to each, was brought forward. This habit of mind has not yet become, as it has in Germany, a law rigorously incumbent on all who undertake to write, but that the existence of such a requirement is no longer unknown among us, even in the walks of speculation, is in great measure due to the precept and example of Hamilton.

In vindicating, however, his merits as a philosophical teacher, and defining their kind, we must be careful not to fall into an exaggeration of their degree. We ought not to correct an exaggerated depreciation by its opposite. When we find so eminent a critic as Mr. John Mill contrasting Hamilton with Whately, and assigning to Whately the superiority in the origination and diffusion of important thought, it is but justice to point out the partial stand-point from which alone such a judgment is possible. No doubt Whately was, as Mr. Mill says, "an active and fertile thinker." He is also an eminent example of the confusion which is inevitably imported into philosophy by "active and fertile thinking" not grounded on knowledge. Whately's services to logic as an instrument of education should always be gratefully acknowledged. But no competent person ever read Hamilton's article on "Logic" (reprinted in the *Discussions*) without feeling that Whately is a child in the hands of a giant. It is not merely that the one has more reading than the other, but that complete knowledge gives him a mental grasp of the subject which "fertile thinking" can never confer. In Hamilton's article on "Logic" we feel that we are once more on the great highway of philosophical tradition, coming down in steady descent from Aristotle and the Stoics, instead of in the flowery by-paths in which the "thinkers" on logic had lost themselves. In Whately we admire ingenious suggestion on isolated points, and lucid statement of received doctrines. But no sooner do we approach, under Whately's guidance, any of the involved and controverted questions, than we are aware of a confusion of vision and an imbecility of grasp which leave us groping in the dark. The contrast is great indeed with the complete comprehension of Hamilton, in which every difficulty and every question has its proper place assigned to it, and where, though we may admit that problems are not always successfully solved, yet all the recorded solutions are brought up before us for comparison and judgment.

But, in attributing to Hamilton complete knowledge, it may be as well to say we do not intend to attribute universal knowledge. Learning is not omniscience. It is not to detract from any man's honours to say that he is subject to the conditions of humanity, and that he cannot live long enough to possess himself of the whole of any of the greater branches of learning. There are limitations to Hamilton's philosophical acquirement, simply because the accumulated stock of historical facts is too great to be appropriated by any memory, however capacious. He does not seem to have been in full possession of the recent German schools—Hegel, Schelling, Fichte. Of Kant he seems to have had more, but

not a familiar knowledge. Plato and the Platonists were, to say the least, not so well known to him as Aristotle and his commentators. His knowledge of Aristotle is evidently subject to considerable limitations. He had not the advantage of that vast growth of German monograph which, since Trendelenberg edited the *De Anima*, has illustrated so many dark corners of Aristotelian lore. These are considerable deductions from the whole *cognoscibile*, yet there are more to be made. He had studied for the medical profession, and with that view had attended classes in natural philosophy, chemistry, &c. But this was in his youth, and before going to Oxford. Though he was learned in the history of medicine, there is no evidence that the principles of physical inquiry had ever taken hold of his mind. To what extent mathematical processes were familiarly known to him we do not find any direct evidence, but it may be indirectly inferred, from his criticism of Whewell, that he saw in them rather an instrument of mental discipline than an organ of thought. Hamilton's biographer dwells upon the parallel between Hamilton and Leibnitz. The resemblance is one that must occur to every one. Yet Leibnitz's mathematical and physical acquirements not only count as an additional province of knowledge possessed by him, but gave him an undoubted superiority when he turned his mind to metaphysical speculations.

When all these deductions are made, what remains constitutes a vast possession of learning, understanding by the term not mere acquisition, but acquisition impregnated by a living mind, and subordinated to a rational judgment. We cannot trace—his biographer does not attempt—a complete outline of Hamilton's knowledge, but we may indicate its extent by scattered portions of his reading. The literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a favourite study with him. He made collections for the history of Luther, or Luther's opinions—collections which, if published, would occupy a large volume. The constitution and history of European Universities was a subject to which he had devoted much time, and the problems of the higher education were always present to his thought. Of the seventeenth century he perhaps knew less. Yet he had studied the Thirty Years' War, and had lectured upon it, and the theological controversies connected with the names of Petavius, Salmasius, and Blondel engaged his interest. The modern Latinists, Buchanan, Balde, Sannazaro, Vida, Fracastorio, are familiar to him, and he is reported (by Professor Baynes) to have matched Dr. Parr on one occasion in this field, which Parr had selected for conversation in the hope to reign alone. He read two papers before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the Greek aorists, in which he is prodigal of reference to the grammarians, Greek and Latin. His *Commonplace Book* bears witness to a course of reading as varied, inquisitive, and resolute as was ever accomplished by man. In this folio of some 1,200 pages two-thirds are filled with references on metaphysical topics, and the remaining third with logical references. There are indications in it of the thoughts of the men of nearly all times and nations who have risen above the common routine of life to an interest in the great questions of speculative philosophy. It is not, like most commonplace books, a chaos, but is planned in exactly logical divisions and subdivisions. It must be, from Professor Veitch's account of it, a transcript of Hamilton's own mind, and we should think capable of publication. Next to this *Commonplace Book* his library may be regarded as the reflex of his mental tendencies. He did not collect as a book-collector, but bought for his own uses and necessities. Naturally the strongest part of the collection was the philosophical. The collection of *Logics* numbered over 400 volumes, and, in addition to the older and rarer treatises, included every work of importance which had recently appeared at home or abroad. Among the Greek classics appeared a valuable collection of the Scholiasts on Aristotle, bought at Heber's sale in 1834. The collection of modern Latin was also richly stored. Biographies, annals, dissertations, mélanges, had been industriously sought out, and there was a special collection of books on the theory and history of education.

In assigning to Hamilton the distinction of being the learned philosopher of this century, we have been careful to include that quality without which learning ceases to have intellectual value—namely, that it be thoroughly informed and governed by the critical faculty. A charge has been pressed against Hamilton which, if proved, would be a serious abatement of his claims to this highest kind of learning, even if it did not compromise them altogether. Mr. Mill has brought forward passages from Hamilton's writings in which the contradictions and inconsistencies are, or appear to be, irreconcilable with the supposition that he had so far mastered the matter of what he read as to be in possession of a matured and uniform scheme of thought. And this internal contradiction is not confined to subordinate topics, on which the memory may be forgiven if it be treacherous. If there are any principles which Hamilton urges as important, and which he considers as characteristic of his philosophy, it is the two doctrines known respectively as the Relativity of Knowledge, and Natural Realism. Nearly all those writers who have commented upon the clash of ideas thus signalized by Mr. Mill in his *Examination* have resigned the seeming contradiction as unmanageable, and have accounted for it in various ways, but all more or less damaging to Hamilton's reputation as a philosopher. Mr. Grote proposed the solution that Hamilton held both the opinions in their natural sense, and enforced them at different times by argument, his attention never having been called to the contradiction between them. Professor Veitch, in an appendix to the *Memoir*, undertakes the position that there is no inconsistency between the two doctrines.

The theory called by Hamilton "Natural Realism" conceives us as knowing the external world as it is really and in itself, and the qualities of matter as absolute attributes or modes of a not-self. It is the theory supported by Hamilton in contrast to "Idealism," which conceives what we call the external world as a phenomenon of consciousness, a mode of self to which habit leads us to attribute externality. Natural Realism thus makes us cognisant of absolute qualities. It supposes the mind to have knowledge of an object as it is in itself, and not in relation—of an object which would remain what we know it to be, if our knowing faculty were taken away and annihilated. Thus the human intelligence is in contact with an absolute object. We may well ask, How is this theory reconcilable with that of the Relativity of all knowledge? Professor Veitch's explanation is as follows:—There are two real objects—sensible reality and supersensible reality. Natural Realism asserts or assumes our cognition of sensible reality. The doctrine of Relativity denies our cognition of supersensible reality. There is thus no contradiction between them. Whether or not this be Hamilton's meaning we cannot pretend to say. But if it be so, it seems to leave the inconsistency between the two opinions as wide as ever. Mr. Mill had suggested, in palliation of the discrepancy, that Hamilton had used the phrase Relativity of knowledge in some extremely narrow, or some non-natural, sense; in fact, that he did not hold the tenet of the Relativity of knowledge at all. Professor Veitch's defence of Hamilton consists in adopting for him the other horn of the dilemma. It amounts to saying that Hamilton did not hold the doctrine of Natural Realism in any true sense of the word. Professor Veitch seems to admit that Hamilton did not consider that we know any object as other than what it appears to be to our faculties. If this be so, what becomes of the antithesis, so much insisted on by Hamilton, between Natural Realism and Idealism?

Should this volume reach a second edition, as we have little doubt it will do, we would suggest for consideration the omission of the Appendix (Note A), the angry polemical tone of which jars not a little unpleasantly with the calm record, and the even tenor, of the life of the student and the scholar.

#### CREASY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

(Second Notice.)

SIR EDWARD CREASY begins with the Phœnicians. It is a certain satisfaction to learn that he has "a high admiration for the learning and abilities of the late Sir G. Lewis," but he believes in the Phœnicians all the same. From the Phœnicians he gets back to the Stone Period, and the primeval antiquaries come in for a patronizing nod. "The ancient burial-places and the relics contained in them . . . of late years have been examined and compared one with another, with remarkable industry and sagacity." On these matters Sir Edward's great authority seems to be Dr. Latham; he does not tell us whether he believes on Dr. Latham's authority that the Britia of Procopius is somewhere else and not Britain, or whether he sees in the *by* of Tenby a sign of Scandinavian occupation. But if he has read Dr. Latham, he has not read Dr. Petrie; we only suppose that he has not read Mr. Keane, because Mr. Keane would doubtless have come in for a pat on the back if he had. The following passage is indeed amusing to read in 1869:—

Whether the Phœnicians communicated to the rude Celts, whom they found here, other arts, and whether they imparted to them aught of the science and of the religious ritual of Asia, is and must ever be mere matter of speculation. We have no certain evidence on the subject. Many have thought that the ancient architectural structures that are found in the British isles, and especially the round towers of Ireland, were raised by men of Eastern race, or, at least, by disciples of Oriental teachers; and that these mysterious edifices were designed for the services of the same creed, that prevailed in lands beyond the remotest waters of the Mediterranean. The supporters of these theories refer to some fragments of old poems (one of which purports to be copied from a Carthaginian writer), and which speak dimly of "Ionian Islands," of "holy headlands," and of mystical orgies, in the far North-Western Atlantic. The truth of these speculations is possible; of some it is probable; but of none can it be demonstrated by such proof as is sufficient to make history. With the immense mass of indisputable English history before us, which we must abridge so closely, we cannot linger on these imaginative legends, however much they may attract the ethnologist, the antiquary, and the poet.

After some talk about Nebuchadnezzar and the Battle of Chæro-neia we come to another patting on the back of "one whose authority on historical subjects is of the highest order," and who from a note turns out to be no other than Niebuhr. By him "it has been well said" that "the history of all modern nations will be found to have grown out of the Roman." "This," Sir Edward Creasy thinks, "is emphatically true with regard to our country, which once formed part of the Roman Empire, and the consideration of who and what our conquerors were forms an essential part of the history of our island." Now have we really to explain again for the ten thousandth time that though our country once formed a part of the Roman Empire, yet our nation never did, and that, however essential a part of the history of the Island may be the consideration of who and what its conquerors were, that consideration has only an indirect and incidental bearing on the history of our own people? In short, in exact opposition to what Sir Edward Creasy says in his margin, "English History" does not "grow out of" Roman History. Instead of growing out of it, it supplants it; a knowledge of Roman Britain is indeed needful

for a knowledge of English History, not however because the Romans were "our conquerors," but just because they were not. A knowledge of Roman History and Roman Law is indeed important to the student of English History, but mainly because, as Sir Edward Creasy begins to see a little later, of its indirect influence through Roman missionaries and partially Romanized Normans.

Again we may say that this sort of confusion would have been pardonable a generation back, and Sir Edward Creasy's book really belongs to a generation back; the fault is the palming off upon us of the thoughts and the knowledge of a generation back as if they were fit intellectual provender for the present generation. After all the labours of Mr. Kemble and others, it is really too bad to give us such a paragraph as the following:—

The existence of nobles deriving their rank, not from birth or property, but from the personal grant of the sovereign, is clearly traceable in the Roman Empire during its latter centuries, and it is from the Romans, and not from the Celts, or Germans, that modern Europe has derived this remarkable institution. In other words, the branch of royal prerogative by which a modern king confers nobility on a favoured subject is of Roman origin.

No doubt there is a Roman element in feudalism. The fully developed feudal relation arises from the union in the same person of the Teutonic relation of the *comitatus* and the Roman relation of tenure of land by military service. But it was precisely because in England we had from the beginning the Teutonic element in feudalism apart from its Roman element, that feudalism was in England a plant of so much later and so much more stunted growth than it was in countries where Roman influences had freer play. In short, throughout this part of his book, when Sir Edward Creasy is right, he is right, as it were, by accident. For instance he gives its true meaning to the phrase of the "Saxon Shore," but he actually adds that "for the purpose of the present text, it is immaterial whether we so understand it, or suppose that the Shore was called Saxon from Saxons having settled there." When Sir Edward Creasy wrote his lectures, it was no doubt creditable to hit on the right meaning anyhow, but at this time of day we know very well that the difference between the right and the wrong meaning is not at all "immaterial," but is just the gist of the whole matter. Here again:—

The Germans, who settled in this island during the fifth and sixth centuries, are usually spoken of as Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. The collective name of Anglo-Saxon has been given to them by modern historians, for the sake of distinguishing them from the Saxons of Continental Germany, and it is a name which it is convenient to employ.

Sir Edward Creasy then looks on "Anglo-Saxon" as a modern name which it is convenient to employ. In truth, as many people know by this time, it is an ancient name which it is inconvenient to employ. If Colombo contained a copy of the *Codex Diplomaticus* or of the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, Sir Edward Creasy might find out that "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*" is a perfectly good and lawful contraction for "*Rex Anglorum et Saxonum*." And a moment's thought might teach him that it is not convenient to employ it, both because its correct use is so very narrow that it is practically of no service, and also because modern writers have chosen to use it in the inaccurate and misleading sense which Sir Edward Creasy thinks is convenient.

It will be seen that Sir Edward Creasy here calls the English "Germans"; we have already spoken of the way in which his whole talk in this part of the book is about "Germans," "Germany," "Germanic." In the following passage he is feeling his way in an amusing fashion:—

There has been, and there continues to be, much learned controversy as to the exact localities on the Continent whence the Germanic conquerors of Britain came, and as to their precise degrees of affinity one with the other. Without entering into these deep (though very valuable and interesting) discussions, we may be safe in adopting the general statement, that the Anglo-Saxons were Germans of the sea-coast between the Eyder and the Yssel, of the islands that lie off that coast, and of the water-systems of the lower Eyder, the lower Elbe, and the Weser. It is important to observe that these are all parts of Germany with which the Romans were less acquainted than was the case with the parts of Germany that lie near the Rhine and the Danube, the two boundary rivers of the Roman continental empire in Europe.

That is to say, in plain words, they were Low-Dutch and not High; but it is clear that Sir Edward Creasy does not know the difference. Some way on he tells us that, at the time of Augustine's coming into Britain "the German then spoken by the Franks differed little from the German then spoken by the Anglo-Saxons." The exact amount of difference between English and Frankish in the sixth century would require a first-rate philologist exactly to expound; it is plain that Sir Edward Creasy has not mastered the A B C of the matter.

In Sir Edward Creasy's eyes "the term Heptarchy is so familiar and so well-understood that there is no risk of the use of it misleading any one into the idea that the number of independent Anglo-Saxon kingdoms in this island before Egbert's time was always exactly seven." We need not stop to point out that "Heptarchy" is just one of those misleading words which no accurate writer ever thinks of using; it is more important to mention that Sir Edward Creasy actually quotes with approval Milton's famous saying about the "kites and crows." Starting from this text, the whole story of the English Conquest, the whole story of the fluctuations of power between Wessex, Mercia, and Northumberland, all the details which in the hands of so many living scholars are at last growing up into a breathing and moving picture, are by Sir Edward Creasy utterly wiped out. He has found a great deal to tell us about Phœnicians and Babylonians

\* *History of England from the Earliest to the Present Time.* 5 vols. By Sir Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Vol. I. London: James Walton. 1869.



and Greeks and Romans, and he assures us that "the conquering advance upon Persia of the Macedonians under Alexander the Great, though ultimately beneficial to mankind, brought heavy calamities on the generation then in being." But of the calamities brought on the generation then in being by the advance of the English under Hengist and Ælle and Cynric and Ceawlin and Ine, ultimately beneficial as that advance undoubtedly was to mankind, Sir Edward Creasy has not a word to tell us. The grand drama of Anderida and Badbury and Deorham and Fethanleah—the process, in short, by which England became England—might, as far as he is concerned, have as well never happened. This again was pardonable when the lectures were first written, but there is no excuse for cooking them up again now after such a flood of light has been thrown on this portion of our history, but a flood of which no rays seem as yet to have found their way to Colombo.

In the same spirit the great war of Cnut and Eadmund is cut short in two or three lines, and the reigns of the sons of Cnut are cut shorter still, without a word as to the mysterious and disputed fate of Ælfred. The last serious attempt at dividing the English Kingdom is perhaps referred by Sir Edward Creasy to his kite-and-crow land. Of course the excuse will be that there is no room for everything, but surely, in a History of England, Cnut, and even Cnut's sons, are of more importance than Nebuchadnezzar.

With all this, we need hardly add that the crop of particular blunders is not small. Very few people can spell the name of our primitive Parliament, though where the great difficulty is it is not easy to see. But Sir Edward Creasy has a form of his own which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere—namely, "Witangemote." Would he, in writing Latin, call it the "Sapientes concilio"? We trow not, but then ignorance of Latin is confessedly mortal sin, while ignorance of English is hardly venial sin. Elsewhere he talks of "the Witan," on the same principle on which our translators of the Bible talk about Cherubims. Then we have the common blunder of "Ealdorman," through the vulgar confusion between "Ealdorman" and "Eorl." The blunders of fact are endless; Cnut, for instance, "had inherited" the Crown of Denmark before he won that of England, and he also "conquered Sweden." "William de Jumiege" [*sic*], a very respectable monk, is a "Norman lord"; the young William's faithful guardian Count Gilbert, who was murdered for his faithfulness, tries, in Sir Edward Creasy's version, "to seize on the sovereignty for himself." William's fleet is "collected between the mouths of the Seine and the Orme [*Orne*]," which is true, but it is rather like saying that the battle of Senlac was fought between Lewes and Dover. Nearly every detail of William's great campaign is wrong, but it is due to Sir Edward Creasy to say that he has a clearer notion of the nature of the spot which he oddly calls "Mount Senlac" than most people have. The battle itself he fairly understands, but even here we have such careless slurring over of things as to hide Gyrrh among "some of Harold's officers." This is queer, for the one thing that Sir Edward Creasy can do, when he tries, is to understand and draw a personal character, and one would have thought that the dramatic scene in Wace, whether true or false, would have struck him. But then there was most likely no copy of the Roman de Rou in bookless Colombo. "Prayers were read" in the Norman camp, as if they had read "Dearly Beloved," and we venture to guess that they were read by William Fitz-Osbern, whom Sir Edward Creasy a few pages on oddly consecrates Bishop of Hereford. And so the thing goes on. Everybody of royal birth is "Prince" or "Princess"; Ælfred in the ninth century, Edward in the thirteenth, are alike talked of as if they had been Brunswick Royal Highnesses. Ælfred especially, by some more mysterious process than all, is anointed by the Pope "Prince Royal of England." Young Edgar is of course the "natural heir of Edward the Confessor," instead of his uncle being his natural heir, and elsewhere he is described as "Edgar, son of the dead Prince Edward (commonly known in history as Edgar Atheling)." We presume, then, that Sir Edward Creasy thinks it his special business to correct the rude Court Circular of the eleventh century by the more polished pattern of the nineteenth. Elsewhere we hear of "the Godwin sway" and the "Godwin family." Sir Edward clearly thinks that Godwin is a surname, or perhaps the title of an Earldom. We did once, in another book, see the words "Harold, Earl Godwin," just as one might say "John, Earl Russell."

Sir Edward Creasy in one chapter crosses the sea to talk about "Pepin le Bref," so we suppose that he thinks that French was the language of Germany in the eighth century. Some centuries later, Lewis the Eighth, in his father's lifetime, appears as the "French Dauphin" (p. 333). This blunder is a test alike for writers and for critics, as the general reader and even the general critic fails to see the manifold strata of ignorance which it implies. But here is a specimen of the sort of way in which Sir Edward Creasy mingles up his confusions with glimmerings of truth:—

Clovis (who reigned from A.D. 481 to A.D. 511), extended his rule over nearly the whole of Gaul; and he may be regarded as the founder of the French monarchy, though it was repeatedly subjected to temporary dismemberment, and though the country was not known by the collective name of Francia till a much later period.

Undoubtedly not—not for some seven or eight hundred years. But Sir Edward Creasy does not seem to know that "Francia" is from a very early time a perfectly good word, though of course not a word translating the modern "France." If Sir Edward Creasy had a library to refer to, he might perhaps find out something about the "Francia" of Eginhard, about "Francia Teutonica" and "Francia Latina"—things which are understood now, though per-

haps they were not understood when Sir Edward Creasy used to lecture. Presently "Rolf becomes Rollo," as if he had changed his name. He did change his name at his baptism, but as Cnut is never called Lambert, as Swegen is hardly ever called Otto, as Guthrum is but rarely called Æthelstan, so Rolf is never called Robert. But surely one need not tell anybody that Rollo is simply the Latin shape of Rolf, and that Sir Edward Creasy might just as well talk about Cnut becoming Cnuto. Why modern French writers talk about *Rollo*, instead of the grand old French form *Rou*, it is not for us to guess.

It is a pity that Sir Edward Creasy has done his work in so careless and slovenly a way, or rather that he attempted it at all under circumstances under which it was impossible to do it well. For ever and anon we see glimpses of better things even in points of detail. For instance, he quite understands that shires are older than kingdoms, that the kingdom is not divided into shires, but that it was formed by aggregation of independent shires. He therefore properly enough rejects the notion of England being divided into shires by Ælfred or by any other one man. But then he fails to see the wide difference in this matter between different parts of England. He does not see that in Wessex the old shires abide to this day, while in Mercia, which was at first far more than Wessex the land of independent shires, the old shires out of which the Kingdom was formed have been utterly wiped out and have given way to shires which really are artificial divisions of the Kingdom. Northamptonshire was made by some man, most likely by Eadward the Elder. But Dorsetshire never was made. Mr. Barnes, we have no doubt, "spectates it growed."

So again we hail such glimpses of the Obvious as that "the Anglo-Saxon and English are essentially the same language," and even as "the Anglo-Saxon stage of English." They are signs that, of Sir Edward Creasy lived somewhere where there is "a copious historical library," he might soon come to learn a good deal. His notes, the eagerness with which he seizes on any new light, show that he is not above learning. And that is a great deal to say; readiness to learn to the end was perhaps the noblest feature in the noble character of Hallam. We trust that either a copious historical library may soon be translated to Colombo, or else that Sir Edward Creasy may soon be translated to some other place where there is a copious historical library. We feel sure that if he only had the chance, he would make good use of it. We take kindly to him in many things. He tries to be fair, and he commonly succeeds. His account of Henry and Thomas is shallow enough, but there is a visible attempt to do justice to both sides which is thoroughly praiseworthy. His account of Edward the First is really worth reading. But we must at the onset set forth the plain truth, lest either Sir Edward Creasy or anybody else should think that this book fills up the gap of which Sir Edward Creasy complains in his preface. We do not know whether his book has "unity and entirety of organism and purpose," because we do not know what "unity and entirety of organism and purpose" may be. But when he says that such a history must have "artistic proportions," that it "must have animation as well as accuracy," we can answer that to our taste Sir Edward Creasy's book has no artistic proportions, that it has very little animation, and no accuracy at all. It is probably as good a book as its author could put together without the needful pains and without the needful materials. But history ought not to be trifled with in this way. Bricks, at least of the Egyptian sort, cannot be made without straw; but if a man goes of his own free will into a land without straw, and there of his own free will sets about making bricks, then, if his brick-making proves an utter failure, he has no task-master to blame but himself.

#### SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.\*

SCIENCE advances by singularly irregular steps. Sometimes it is one department, and sometimes another, that seems to monopolize for the moment the spirit of progress. Of late, to borrow a sporting phrase, spectrum analysis has been making all the running. So beautiful and so startling, so delicate and so far-reaching, have been the recent developments of this method, that a broad margin of thought outside the world of science proper has been busying itself about it, and striving to get some insight into this new channel of discovery. And this has not been easy for the outsiders. The researches of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, Angström, Huggins and Miller, Lockyer and Frankland, are to be found in the papers of scientific societies; but a compendious account of the whole investigation, fitted for popular reading, was wanting, and even those who moved within the genuine scientific circle had begun to feel the need of a manual which should lead them to the latest sources of information on the subject.

Mr. Roscoe has been the first to supply this want, and the task could scarcely have been committed to better hands, nor could his work have been produced in better style than it has been by his publishers. The illustrations—no unimportant part of a book on such a subject—are marvels of wood-printing, and reflect the clearness which is the distinguishing merit of Mr. Roscoe's explanations. The fact that the book is remarkably opportune in its appearance implies that it has the defects which are inseparable from pioneer treatises on progressive subjects. Precisely because spectrum analysis is the specially advancing subject

\* *Spectrum Analysis*. By Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

of the day, it is incapable of being presented in a complete and finished shape. Even while Mr. Roscoe's book was going through the press, new discoveries were falsifying some and superseding others of the conclusions which he treats as established; and we must look for a second edition, after this branch of science has reached a stage of comparative repose, to give us a thoroughly connected and systematic narrative of what spectrum analysis has done. The method which Mr. Roscoe has followed has, we think, aggravated the defects to which we refer. He has taken as the basis of his book a series of very excellent lectures which he delivered about a year ago. In some instances (more especially with reference to some portion of Mr. Huggins's work) he has introduced corrections, bringing his text into harmony with the knowledge of to-day, but for the most part he has left his lectures unaltered, adding at the end of each an appendix of subsequent discovery. Possibly it might have been difficult to rewrite the text by the light of our present knowledge without an amount of delay to be deprecated alike in the interest of publishers and readers, and we are glad to welcome the book as it is, as an instalment of the more perfect treatise which we may expect hereafter.

Some of our readers may want to know what spectrum analysis is, and most of them will probably be glad of a slight sketch of the subject as Mr. Roscoe has dealt with it. In his first lecture the author describes the well-known discovery of Newton, that the white solar light is composed of a bundle of differently coloured and differently refrangible rays, which, when dispersed by a prism, produce the rainbow-like band which is known as the solar spectrum. The dark absorption lines which traverse this spectrum, first observed by Wollaston, and afterwards mapped by Fraunhofer, are the foundation of all the subsequent discoveries worked out by spectrum analysis. A dark line at a particular position of the spectrum could only mean the presence of some substance capable of absorbing that particular kind of light; and when once that inference was recognised, the science of spectrum analysis began to exist. But another step had to be made before this interpretation of the Fraunhofer lines became fruitful as a method of analysis. It was noticed some forty or fifty years ago, by Herschel and Talbot, that various substances, when heated sufficiently to give off incandescent vapour, produced a spectrum just the reverse in kind of that obtained from the sun. Instead of a bright band of rainbow crossed by dark lines, there appeared a few bright lines on a background of darkness, and several of these were soon affiliated on various alkaline and metallic salts. Later on, Wheatstone and others, by using the intense heat of the electric spark, identified the bright lines which indicate several of the metals when in a state of incandescence. One specially characteristic line which was seldom missed in the spectrum of any incandescent vapour was traced, first by Swan, and afterwards in more detail by Kirchhoff, to the presence of sodium, and was found to be identical in position with a well-known dark line in the yellow part of the solar spectrum. This was the dawn of the great discovery by which spectrum analysis was made applicable to solar and stellar investigations. The question suggested itself at once whether the same substance which produced the bright line in the one case could be the cause of the dark line in the other, and by pursuing this track of investigation Kirchhoff arrived at the famous laws (now requiring some little modification) which lie at the root of the cosmical branch of spectrum analysis. Every substance, when interposed between the eye and a luminous body, absorbs precisely the same kind of light which it emits when heated to incandescence. Solids and liquids, as a rule, give continuous spectra, and consequently are capable only of causing general absorption. Gases and vapours, as a rule, give out, when heated, discontinuous spectra composed of one or more bright lines; and each gas or vapour absorbs precisely the same light which it produces, and makes on the solar spectrum a dark line ranging with perfect accuracy with its own characteristic bright lines. It was only necessary to compare the Fraunhofer lines with the bright lines produced by different substances in the electric arc, to determine at once what the substances were which caused by their absorption the dark lines observed in the solar spectrum. In this way the presence of hydrogen, as well as sodium, magnesium, and a great number of other metals was detected in an absorbing condition in the sun. But what was the sun, and how were these absorbing substances placed in relation to the luminous surface? The first hypothesis of Kirchhoff, and indeed of almost every one else, was the very natural one that the sun was surrounded first by a layer of incandescent matter assumed to be solid or liquid, because it gave out a continuous spectrum, and that outside of this floated a comparatively cool absorbing atmosphere containing vapours of all the substances whose characteristic lines were seen upon the sun. This hypothesis is now utterly displaced by Mr. Lockyer's recent work, but it served its turn, and did an immense amount of good work in leading the way to riper knowledge. Rival theories about sun-spots—all of them perhaps destined to be modified—were founded on this common hypothesis, and until the chromosphere made itself known it never occurred to any one to doubt the existence of the supposed cool absorbing atmosphere surrounding the solar photosphere. Long before any bright lines had been obtained from the sun, the spectra of comets and nebulae had been observed by Donati, Secchi, and Huggins, and found to give the isolated bright lines which indicate the presence of incandescent gas or vapour. Hydrogen and nitrogen were especially identified by comparison with the spectra produced in the laboratory from these substances, but for a time the scientific world rested content with the theory that the sun was a

molten mass with only cool absorbent vapours round about it. The eclipse observations and the work of Mr. Lockyer have demolished this provisional hypothesis, and the spectroscopy now tells us that the solar photosphere is surrounded with incandescent gas, chiefly hydrogen; that the substances which produce the absorption lines are not in general mixed with the hydrogen or, as was universally believed, floating in a circumambient atmosphere, but are intermingled with the mass of the photosphere; and that, as these give the characteristic gaseous lines, the photosphere itself, in its upper region at any rate, must also be made up of gas or vapour. It would have been a puzzle to understand how anything but a solid or liquid could give the continuous light emitted by the photosphere, but an opportune discovery of Dr. Frankland's had some time since removed this difficulty. He found that the rule that incandescent gases give discontinuous spectra is not of universal application, and that a gas under certain conditions may produce a continuous spectrum. Nor is it at all necessary to suppose that the light of the photosphere (varying as it does in brilliancy in different parts of the spectrum) is the product of a single substance. What it is the spectroscopy will probably soon reveal. But these remarkable facts are far from all that the spectroscopy has recently told us about the sun. The researches of Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer upon the spectra of hydrogen and other substances have exposed some very prevalent errors. It was imagined by almost all previous observers, and indeed is assumed throughout in the text of Mr. Roscoe's lectures, that each substance always gives out the same spectrum, with only some variations, due, as was generally supposed, to greater or less intensity of temperature and consequent brightness. A good many of these changes noted by Plücker and Hittorf had been ascribed almost entirely to temperature, though these observers had also taken variations of pressure into account. The most recent experiments—those of Frankland and Lockyer—have shown that the spectra of all or nearly all the substances observed vary with pressure, and it has been found practicable by comparison with these results to show that the hydrogen in the chromosphere must be in a state of extreme tenuity. One more revelation of the spectroscopy is too interesting to be passed without notice. It had been suggested some time since, by Mr. Maxwell, that light coming from a luminous body rapidly approaching the earth would be more refrangible than if the radiating source were at rest, and the change in refrangibility affords on this theory an easy means of estimating the rapidity of the approach. Some singular appearances in the spectrum of the solar chromosphere and prominences observed by Mr. Lockyer have established the fact of extremely rapid motion in the hydrogen of which it is composed. Sometimes the single line bulges out into two lines, one more and the other less refrangible, representing the approaching and receding sides of a cyclone of blazing hydrogen, and the velocity has been found to reach in some instances more than a hundred miles a second—that is to say, a speed some thousands of times greater than the rate of any terrestrial hurricane. Uprushes and downrushes on a similarly grand scale have been detected in the same way, and each day seems to add to our knowledge of the constitution of the sun.

Part of what we have been describing is unfortunately too recent to appear in Mr. Roscoe's book, and much more of it has of necessity been added in appendixes after the text was completed, but there are many scarcely less interesting results of spectroscopic work which were ripe enough to take definite shape in the lectures when originally delivered. The remarkable delicacy of spectrum observations in detecting the faintest trace of any known substance is beautifully illustrated, and the practical use of the method made, at Mr. Roscoe's own suggestion, in the manufacture of Bessemer steel is one of the most interesting applications of new scientific discovery to the service of mankind. There are many other sides of the subject on which we have not space to dilate, and for which we must refer our readers to the work itself, always, however, with this caution, that if they desire to know with accuracy the point to which science has at this moment advanced, they must look beyond the text into the appendixes, and sometimes, when they have the opportunity, a little beyond them.

#### THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.\*

FIFTY-FIVE years since, on the 26th of January, 1814, a needy and almost friendless actor made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, and showed to the playgoing public at one stroke almost, and certainly by a single performance, that a new luminary then and there had risen on the theatrical horizon. The success commenced by Shylock was confirmed and surpassed by rapidly succeeding representations of the highest and most arduous characters of the English drama, characters on which John Kemble, Henderson, and George Frederick Cooke—to go no further back in stage annals—had respectively set their seals, and in which, until that memorable evening, they were imagined to be secure from rivalry. In tragedy at least a Garrick *redivivus* had come to light, and so long as the names of great actors are held in remembrance, that of Edmund Kean was on that January evening granted a patent of perpetuity.

Seldom, if indeed ever, has a player served so severe an apprenticeship to his art as Edmund Kean did. From his infancy to his

\* *The Life of Edmund Kean, from Published and Original Sources.* By F. W. Hawkins. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.



twenty-sixth year his days were passed in struggles with toil, want, uncertainty for the morrow, and recurring disappointment. For this poor waif and stray the comforts of home and the tenderness of parents were unknown. Endowed, as his acting showed, with an irritable and susceptible temperament, his feelings were constantly on the rack, his irritability was almost chronically excited. He was in bondage to his mother—a greedy, disreputable woman, who used him as if he had been her serf and not her child. He was in bondage to managers, who with few exceptions oppressed or cheated him; in bondage also for the bare necessities of life—"food, clothes, and fire." Sometimes the cup of better fortune was held in mockery to his thirsting lips, and then proffered to some one born under a less malignant star. The light thrown on his path on one or two occasions served only to render the darkness in which he wandered more visible. It may be true that many brother-strollers may have undergone as much, but they were at least not companioned in their misery by the consciousness of genius. They had probably forsaken some calling, or disobeyed some duty, in taking to the stage. But Kean's inward monitor prompted him rightly; his calling, his duty, were scencial. He had a vocation, but apparently the exercise of it was denied to him. And in those twenty-four years—he had been brought on the stage in his third year—when he probed every recess of vagabond life, when he was browbeaten by actors who, *post fortanum*, would have tied his shoe-strings, and rejected by managers who afterwards walked unbonneted before him, were laid the foundations of that excess which ruined him in fame and self-respect, impaired his intellect, made his great gifts vain, and at the age of forty-six years sent him prematurely to the grave, an infirm, poor, and really aged man. None of the tragic scenes in which he played with such pre-eminence equalled in terror or pity the real scenes of Edmund Kean's earlier and later years.

Our present business, however, is with the latest biographer of this most gifted but unhappy man. Of such a man a good *Life* would be most welcome, as Mr. Barry Cornwall's, meritorious as it is in many respects, does not contain more than a mere record of the man himself, whereas the career of Kean is an important and interesting episode in stage-history. When Mr. Hawkins's volumes were first announced, we had some hope that this void was at last to be supplied. Nearly everything, contemporary or posthumous, likely to be written about Kean was already in print. The prejudices or passions that swayed contemporary opinion were long ago dead. A generation that knew not the great actor had sprung up, and might desire to learn how he looked and moved; what the secret was of his undoubted influence; how he held in bondage the eyes and the ears of the spectator; what manner of man that was who, by general consent, stood on a level with Kemble and Sara Siddons, and was admitted to be, even by Garrick's widow, the only successor to her beloved David.

Our hopes have been completely disappointed by Mr. Hawkins's volumes. With the exception of a few particulars of Kean's last illness, derived from Dr. James Smith—"clarum et venerabile nomen," henceforth, to every one taking interest in the actor—the 840 pages we have waded through have told us nothing that we knew not before we read them; have generally "marred a curious tale in the telling," have thrust improbabilities upon us, have perverted facts, have exhibited ignorant prejudices to an amount we had fondly believed impossible. These pages, in short, compose one of the most useless and unnecessary books that it has ever been our ill luck to meet with.

Mr. F. W. Hawkins puts forth in his preface what may appear to the unwary reader of his *Life of Edmund Kean* a modest and becoming plea for indulgence:—

As this *Life* bears internal evidence of an inexperienced pen, I hope that my deficiencies in literary art will be ascribed to their actual source. But subscribing as I do to Goethe's maxim, what have I to fear? As one servant cannot serve two masters, so my readers cannot condemn this book and share the opinion of the great German poet at one time, for I have performed my task *con amore*, and has not Goethe said that enthusiasm is the one thing necessary to history?

It is not very easy to construe this sentence, which reads like an oracle drawn up by some inferior priest at Delphi or Dodona; but let that pass. Mr. Hawkins's style is not, like Master Froth's face, "the worst thing about him." Before admitting his appeal for his "Virgin Tragedy," his "Orphan Muse," it is necessary to look into the appellant's claim for allowance. "The actual source" of his "deficiencies" is the writer's utter incompetence for his "task"—"postulat ut capiat quæ non intelligit arma." We had hitherto imagined that certain qualities besides "enthusiasm" were "necessary to history." As good an authority on that point at least as Goethe has told us that the historian should write "sine ira et studio," especially when, as he adds of himself, "quorum causas procul habeo"—when the passions of the moment and the caprices of fashion are long since passed away. Now the enthusiasm which Mr. Hawkins hopes will protect him against gainsayers is singularly made up of passion (*ira*) and purpose to disparage great names (*studium*). The Kembles he never mentions without some covert or open sneer. He records with evident relish Kean's hasty remarks on that "Jesuit Young," and that "player, but no actor, Macready"—remarks that were most probably made in some moment of irritation, or perhaps when the maker was in his cups. Mr. Hawkins has indeed a little more charity for Mrs. Siddons than for her brother John, but he does it out very penuriously, much as a miser deals out his halfpenny to the church-plate. Indeed one might suppose, from Mr. Hawkins's tone in writing

of them, that every one of Edmund Kean's distinguished contemporaries, and even some of his predecessors also, must have been the actor's natural enemies. He is delighted to record Kemble's failure in Sir Giles Overreach, and Cooke's inferiority in the wooing and winning of Lady Anne. The souls of the once celebrated Wolf Club would seem to have all entered into Mr. Hawkins's bosom. The members of that by no means "highly respectable society" determined, in their day, that their idol should be guarded against every rival that threatened him, and none but decidedly third-rate merit be permitted to second him on the stage. Perhaps, as Mr. Hawkins scarcely knows the alphabet of stage-history, he may never have heard of the name of *Mezzetto*, whom the Wolves howled off Drury Lane boards, and whom, had the name been known to him, he would doubtless have ranked with John Kemble or Charles Young.

We are really embarrassed by the number of notes made on the margin of our copy of this *Life of Kean*—notes of interrogation, notes of surprise, together with sundry monosyllables which its author might not thank us for transcribing. But we must afford our readers a sample or two of his quality. In his first volume, at page 332, he writes:—

Upon the commencement of his third season we find Kean occupying the house formerly tenanted by Lady Ryecroft, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. The house in Cecil Street, in which Kean had exchanged the comfortless garret for more cheerful apartments, had been abandoned at the instance of Mrs. Kean, whose tastes were altogether at variance with those of her husband. The lady wished to divest her new station of the slightest colouring of less exalted associations, and delighted in entertaining company at Clarges Street, "persons of distinction" finding especial favour in her eyes. Edmund had no affection for such an atmosphere, and sought more congenial society at the Coal Hole, where he contributed a little to the duty upon brandy, and enjoyed his favourite repast of a rumpsteak the more because it was not served up in the "style" insisted upon by Mrs. Kean in Clarges Street.

There is some truth in these sentences. The "atmosphere" of decency, let alone "persons of distinction," was not congenial to Edmund Kean. "Mrs. Kean's tastes," fortunately for her, "were at variance with those of her husband." The society at the Coal Hole would probably not have improved either the furniture or atmosphere of Clarges Street. But Mr. Hawkins is among the writers who, when they get hold of facts, cannot use them, or discern their meaning or their connexion. He thus writes of Mrs. Kean (vol. i. p. 78):—"Miss Chambers was a member of a highly respectable Waterford family, who had forsaken the scholastic profession for the stage." Was it not natural for a woman so bred, and apparently well educated, to rejoice in her rescue from the Bohemian sort of life to which her husband's career as a strolling player had subjected them both? Would she have stood better in the biographer's estimation had she, like her husband, preferred to live *en Bohémienne* in London, after she had obtained the means of living in more decent fashion? Ought she to have made a Coal Hole of the house in Clarges Street, or accompanied him to his rumpsteak and brandy at his club?

Mr. F. W. Hawkins is so enamoured of this statement as to repeat it in his second volume, p. 294, only with a difference for the worse:—

Whether Mrs. Kean was a party to this extravagance I cannot speak with certainty; but this I know, that for years before the breaking up of the home in Clarges Street, she had maintained considerable control over money matters, and her love of display, and her prodigality, and her desire to keep up a fine establishment may be referred to as additional reasons for the comparative poverty to which the tragedian now found himself reduced.

Again Mr. F. W. Hawkins shall be his own commentator:—

In thirteen years [he says] 200,000*l.* had been expended [in 1826-7 he had not a hundred left]. How he had contrived to make away with such a sum—for he never gambled—is problematical. The fact that he never turned a deaf ear to a tale of distress; his peculiar and magnificent generosity to the poorer members of his profession; the liberality of his subscriptions to benevolent institutions; his exertions on behalf of public charities; his gratuitous performances for needy managers, and his writing cheques *when under the influence of drink, and when he knew not what he was doing*—these facts account to a certain extent for the rapidity with which his piles of gold dwindled down.

When a man in drink signs cheques we see very little that is "problematical" (in whatever sense Mr. F. W. Hawkins may employ that word) about the cause of his gains disappearing; and the expenses of the house in Clarges Street, about which he knows so much, need hardly be included as an item in the account. Whatever may be the source of Mr. F. W. Hawkins's knowledge, we have ascertained from very good authority that it was not Mrs. Kean's housekeeping or her love of fine company that in any material degree contributed to this "prodigality that cannot be extenuated." With regard, indeed, to Kean's open hand to real or feigned distress, Mr. F. W. Hawkins is in the right. Kean dispensed his bounty as readily and indiscreetly as Timon of Athens.

The biographer, indeed, like Caliban, has "two voices—his forward voice is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract." Poor Mary Chambers at least might have been spared his "æugo mera" and "nigræ succus loliginis" in consideration of what she underwent in either fortune—of her loneliness during years of separation, of her generous oblivion of deep wrongs at the last.

It would weary our readers were we to repeat the hymns of triumph chanted in these volumes over the decline and fall of the Kembles. Mr. F. W. Hawkins is in one respect indeed generous; he allows that classic John played one part well—Penruddock. Leaving this hapless family to their fate, our next remarks apply,

to his account of Kean and Young when acting together at Drury Lane. As he pleads inexperience in extenuation of his deficiencies, we will give him the benefit of supposing him too young to have been an eye-witness of their joint performances in 1822-3. If he did witness them, his plea falls to the ground, and his book is even more incorrect than we think it. In the table of contents there are the following entries:—"Inequality of Kean and Young," "Second Defeat of Young," "Termination of the Contest between Kean and Young." And he thus describes the incompetent Mr. Young in *Iago*. He indeed fortifies one part of his description by a very fine sample of Hazlitt's criticisms on *Othello*; but Hazlitt, though he colours highly and sometimes unfairly, at least understood what he was writing about (vol. ii. p. 245). After a passing compliment to John Kemble, whose acting we are told was "utterly soulless," and something dubious about Barry Cornwall as "a favourite of the classic school of acting," he proceeds with infinite glee:—

Well, Young *did* venture into the lists, and he *did* learn a lesson which was useful to him as long as he remained on the stage. His *Iago* partook of that scowling blood-thirsty aspect which Kean had virtually banished from the stage. All the intellectual activity, all the fascinating gaiety with which Shakspeare has clothed *Othello's* ancient, were lost to view in Young's performance, in which, adopting the old established tragic fashion, he carried his purpose in his face and brought out all the villany into the foreground. Was this *Iago*?

Certainly not, neither was it Charles Young's version of *Iago*. In spite of this idle rant about "scowling blood-thirsty aspect," "absence of all intellectual activity, fascinating gaiety," &c., Young represented Mine Ancient as a blunt soldier, more at home in the tented field, in camp or barrack, than in the company of magnificos or ladies, and displaying the hearty, if somewhat cynical, humour of an unpolished soldier. Of the ordinary melodramatic villain of the stage there was no trace in Young's impersonation. Such villany as he did exhibit was reserved for the soliloquies, and even in them very sparingly used. If Young drew from any one in this character it was not from the classical school of Kemble, but from the natural school of George Frederick Cooke. In the great scenes with *Othello*, Young was cool and calm as a gamester who knows that he has the game in his hands, and there was a plausibility in his manner that almost justified the easy credulity of his unfortunate general.

Mr. F. W. Hawkins's account of Young in *Pierre* is even more incorrect than his description of him in *Iago*. He is in the right in saying that Kean in Jaffer displayed "great beauty and tenderness, and some coruscations of a proud and noble spirit"; but we need neither Mr. Hawkins nor his ghost to tell us that Kean excelled in tenderness and coruscations of a noble spirit. In this play Young, in the estimation of the spectators at least, divided the applause with his competitor. In *Pierre* also, as in *Iago*, his soldierly bearing, his noble voice, his spirit and full comprehension of the character, were conspicuous. The same can be said of his Clytus and his Iachimo, and in both these parts he shared and shared alike the honours of the night with Alexander and Leonatus Postumus. When Young's "second defeat" took place is known only to Mr. F. W. Hawkins; and how he profited by the "lesson" which is said to have been "useful to him as long as he remained on the stage," appeared when he returned and when Kean migrated to Covent Garden in 1828, where Young repeated his failure in *Iago*—with great and general applause—but without any signs of conviction or penitence.

One more instance of the biographer's ineptitude, and we close his volumes:—

Kean's second season at Covent Garden was brought to an abrupt close early in 1829. Having been obliged in consequence of illness to suspend his professional labours, the tragedian found himself once more encamped on the banks of his favourite Loch Fad.

There is no medium in Mr. F. W. Hawkins's likes and dislikes. When he writes of the Kembles, of Young or Macready, his words are very swords; but they are softer than butter when he encounters a failing of poor Edmund Kean's. His account of what really took place on the abrupt close of the Covent Garden engagement—which, as we shall see presently, was not really closed, but merely suspended to a more convenient season—is the perfection of euphemism, as perfect as George Frederick Cooke's allusion to his "old complaint." Mr. Hawkins has apparently put too much trust in Genest, who says under "January 12. *Richard II.* revived. Richard—Kean, &c. The play was changed to the *Beggar's Opera* owing to the indisposition of Mr. Kean"; but he seems to have overlooked that the word "indisposition" is significantly underlined. Genest knew, what Mr. F. W. Hawkins, to all appearance is ignorant of—indeed, though usually minute enough wherever his hero is concerned, he does not mention the play on that occasion at all, or any circumstance connected with the "illness"—that Kean, in the interval between the morning rehearsal and the intended evening performance, got (in plain English, and not in euphemistic phrase) dead drunk. Repentance indeed came with the morning. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself, spoke of soon repairing his fault; but Mr. Charles Kemble, seeing how ill he was, and how unable he must be to appear again during the season, insisted on his departing, as soon as he was able to travel, to the Isle of Bute, and offered to suspend—not to cancel, with Mr. F. W. Hawkins's good leave—the remainder of his engagement until the reopening of the theatre in the following October. The version of the story conveyed in the volumes before us is a pure perversion of the real fact. So far as regards Kean's offer to give his services for three nights gratuitously to Covent Garden, his biographer may be in

the right. Miss Foote was at the same time performing for six nights "gratuitously," and we believe other performers did so also, for the theatre had very recently been on the verge of the Bankruptcy Court, and was rescued from that abyss only by the exertions of Miss Fanny Kemble. Now, either Mr. F. W. Hawkins is ignorant of the fact, or he has suppressed it. Kean owed the residue of his engagement. His absence from London, from January 12th to the following May or June, had inflicted a severe loss on the theatrical treasury, since his place could not be supplied; and even had Mr. Macready been disengaged, he could not, in the public estimation at least of those days, have filled the room of Kean in *Shylock*, *Overreach*, *Richard*, and *Othello*. Why, as Mr. F. W. Hawkins asserts, "Mr. Charles Kemble did not come out of the matter with credit" is a mystery, as well as many other statements in this biography. The services of Edmund Kean were morally, and, but for a defect in the law, legally also, the property of Covent Garden Theatre, so long as his contract was unfulfilled. Mr. Kemble was only protecting the rights of the management. Mr. Kean broke faith and forgot his promises, and before he reached, not as Mr. F. W. Hawkins says, "on arriving in London on the 22nd of November," had signed another contract with Mr. Price, then manager of Drury Lane.

We close our remarks on this very unsatisfactory record of a great actor with a friendly hint to those who may intend to read it. All that relates to Kean's early struggles, and until he came to London in January, 1814, is deeply interesting, and on the whole a respectable compilation. After that date the reader will do well to look out for such passages as are marked by inverted commas, for they consist of extracts from the journals of the time and the notices of Kean by writers competent to report of him during his six or seven years of unimpaired vigour. By attending to these extracts a great deal of instruction will be gained, and a great deal of weariness avoided by passing lightly over the biographer's own dissertations. In spite of these disappointing volumes, we are still of opinion that there is room for a short Life of the greatest tragedian of this century, but it must be executed by some one less "enthusiastic" and better informed than Mr. F. W. Hawkins.

#### CATALOGUE OF DUBLIN GRADUATES.\*

AS the constitution of the English Universities is a standing puzzle to foreigners, it is no less a standing puzzle to Irishmen. The relation between the University and the Colleges is, on the first blush of it, a profound mystery to both. The one cannot understand a University containing many Colleges, the other cannot understand the existence of Colleges at all. We have known very intelligent foreigners talk about a "Fellow of the University of Oxford," and they may be forgiven when we remember that there are such mysterious beings as Fellows of the University of Durham, and that Oxford itself does, or lately did, contain Vinerian Fellows who were not Fellows of anywhere in particular. We remember trying to explain the matter to a Swiss friend by likening the Colleges to the Cantons and the University to the Confederation, and, to express their practical relations to one another, the illustration did fairly well. But we had to guard against new misconceptions by further explaining that our illustration, while practically true, was historically false—that while the Confederation was formed by the union of Cantons older than itself, the Colleges have grown up within a University older than themselves. An Irishman's difficulty is not the same as the difficulty of the Continental, but it is a difficulty which he finds quite as puzzling. The difference between the University of Dublin and Trinity College, Dublin, is one so subtle that he has not tried to master it, and indeed why should he try to master it, when a vote of his own House of Commons talks about the "University of Trinity College"? But there are Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and there is a Trinity College in each. But whereas Trinity College, Dublin, is the whole of the University of Dublin, and can hardly be distinguished from the University of Dublin, it is plain that Trinity College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, are far from being the whole of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively. This is very puzzling to the natural Irish mind. We have known an Irishman, anxious to do the right thing, and used to the formula "S.T.C.D." "F.T.C.D." "S.F.T.C.D." direct a letter to a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, as "F.T.C.O.," without stopping to think how many sets of letters he would have to devise if he wished to do equal honour to the Fellows of every College in Oxford and Cambridge. But there is at least this comfort, that the puzzlement is mutual, or rather that the puzzlement on the English side reaches higher. The Irish difficulty of understanding the English Universities is a mere popular difficulty. We have no doubt that every Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, perfectly understands the difference between his own position and the position of his homonyms at Oxford and Cambridge. But the better a man understands the system of Oxford and Cambridge, the more mysterious does he find the relations between the University of Dublin and Trinity College, Dublin. It is not that he is puzzled at the mere fact that the University of Dublin contains only a single College. Dr. Todd, the learned editor of this Catalogue, need hardly have gone about to prove that a University which contains only one College, or

\* A Catalogue of Graduates who have proceeded to Degrees in the University of Dublin, from the earliest recorded Commencements to July, 1866; with Supplement to December 16, 1868. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Foster. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.



which contains no College at all, may still be a full and perfect University. Colleges are a mere accident in any University. There was a time when the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge contained no Colleges at all; there must have been some moment in the thirteenth century when they contained only one College each. But the puzzling thing about Dublin is the mysterious way in which the University and the College are mixed up together. It is not merely that they accidentally consist of the same persons, which would be quite consistent with perfect distinctness as corporations. It is the two institutions themselves which seem so strangely intermingled. What can be stranger than the power which the Provost and Senior Fellows—the Board, as we believe it is called—of the College exercise, as Provost and Fellows, in purely University matters? According to Oxford and Cambridge notions, the Provost and Fellows of the College would, in any University matter, be simply so many Doctors or Masters, differing in nothing from Doctors or Masters who are not members of the College corporation. What if another College should be founded in the University? Would the Head and Fellows of one College retain an exclusive power not shared by any of the members of the other? Legislation would doubtless soon settle the difficulty, but it does not seem that, without special legislation, it could anyhow settle itself. Now we need not say that in Oxford and Cambridge new Colleges have been founded, and new Colleges may still be founded, without any difficulty of the kind. The members of the new societies hold, as a matter of course, exactly the same position in the University as the members of the old societies. Then, when from the constitution of the University and the College, we turn to their history, we find that the College is actually the older of the two. Trinity College, Dublin, is solemnly and formally described as the Mother of the University—"Mater Universitatis." It seems that the learned men of Dublin have, as they well might, disputed a good deal as to the exact force and nature of this singular motherhood. To an Oxford or Cambridge man the one idea which it conveys is that Trinity College is its own grandmother.

These things are a puzzle to us. We understand a University without any Colleges; we understand a University with several Colleges; we understand a University with only one College because as yet one College only happens to have been founded. But we do not understand a University whose corporate being seems to be irrevocably mixed up with the corporate being of one College. It is plain that, if every College in Oxford and Cambridge were suppressed, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge would go on all the same. They would be simply brought back to the state in which they were before the Colleges were founded. But if Trinity College, Dublin, were suppressed, what would become of the University of Dublin? We suspect that something would happen nearly as awful as what would have happened if Speaker Abbot had really named a member. Would it not be something like the case of the German Primate who, as an Elector, cursed and swore? When the Devil took the Elector, what would become of the Archbishop? Now here we think that we have a fair right to complain of Dr. Todd, whose name is put at the end of the preface to this volume. Dr. Todd is well known as one of the chief living lights of his University; he has made himself a name in more branches of learning than one. He could have told us all about the whole matter, and he has not told us. And it is the more provoking, because he has gone so very near to telling us without telling us. His preface reminds us of the books which one sometimes comes across written by Freemasons. They tell us everything about Freemasonry except what Freemasonry is. So Dr. Todd tells us everything about the relation between the University and the College of Dublin except what the relations between them are. This is a great pity, because he so evidently has the whole matter at his fingers' ends down to the minutest details. We could wish that the space which he has given to refuting the errors of a certain Dr. Miller had been given to a full and clear setting forth of the matter in his own person. But we gather that Trinity College, "Mater Universitatis," was founded before the University; that its Provost and Fellows received from their foundress, Queen Elizabeth, the power of making statutes (under certain restrictions) for the University as well as for the College; that Elizabeth also gave them the power of electing the Chancellor; that the power of electing the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, vested by Elizabeth in the whole body of the University, seemingly Undergraduates and all, was transferred to the Provost and Fellows by Charles the First; that the Provost is ex-officio a member of the Caput, with a veto on all Graces; lastly, that a Charter of the present Queen has incorporated, not the University but the Senate of the University, leaving Bachelors and Undergraduates no one can tell exactly where, and that, notwithstanding this incorporation, the Senate can only entertain such matters as are brought before it by the Provost and Fellows. This, it is plain, amounts to much more than the mere accident of there being only one College in the University. The University and the College are throughout confounded; the College, not the University, elects and legislates in matters which are of purely University concern. Those Doctors and Masters who are not Fellows are shut out from various rights which belong to all Doctors and Masters of Oxford and Cambridge as a matter of course. If other Colleges were to be founded in the University, there would be a still greater anomaly in the Provost and Fellows of one College electing the Chancellor of the University and discharging other purely University functions.

The notion that other Colleges besides Trinity might be founded in the University of Dublin seems to have been entertained from

its foundation. But no attempt appears ever to have been made to establish a second College really independent of Trinity College. Dr. Todd mentions several abortive attempts at University extension made in the course of the seventeenth century; but the institutions which were set up were not independent Colleges, but rather what we should call affiliated Halls—houses for students the freehold of which remained in the College. Of one institution called Trinity Hall, which fluctuated between a Bridewell, an academical Hall, and a College of Physicians, the history is somewhat amusing. In the other case, in Charles the First's time, some suppressed Roman Catholic institutions, a Capuchin convent, a Jesuits' College, and a parochial chapel, were turned into a house of students called New College. But New College vanished in the rebellion of 1641, and during the few years which it existed it was a mere dependency of Trinity College; that corporation settled some of its graduates as tutors and governors for the outlying students. That these should be the only attempts ever made at setting up new academical institutions only shows how completely Trinity College is identified, or rather confused, with the University. If the College be "Mater Universitatis," it is a parent of the school of Kronos, which swallows up its own child.

Dr. Todd confirms a remark which we have often made—namely, that some of the worst doings of James the Second had abundance of precedent. It was nothing new for the Crown to interfere with free elections in Colleges and other bodies by recommending candidates for vacant offices. What was new was recommending a man at once legally unqualified and personally scandalous, like Anthony Farmer. James acted at Dublin in much the same way in which he acted at Oxford. Dr. Todd says:—

It is only fair to say that the power of nominating and restoring Fellows by mandamus was exercised without question by King Charles I. on several occasions; but those so nominated were men of education, and generally fit for the office, whereas the nominees of King James II. were men of bad character, illiterate (with perhaps one exception), and who refused to take the oath prescribed by the Statutes.

In 1708 Dublin seems to have been much disturbed by a speech of one Edward Forbes, of which Dr. Todd tells us as follows:—

At a later period the Masters of Arts seem to have acquired, or usurped, a power, not recognised in the University Statutes, of addressing the Senate, and making motions, or proposing resolutions. This was a serious innovation, and led to disastrous consequences. A remarkable instance is on record. A Master of Arts, one Edward Forbes, at the Summer Commencements (12th of July, 1708), the same day on which he was himself admitted to the degree of M.A., took occasion to give utterance to some very disloyal sentiments respecting the title of Queen Anne to the throne. He is reported to have said that she had no better right to sit on the throne of Great Britain than her predecessor, using the offensive phrase that the title of both sovereigns rested on the same foundation, "*eadem nititur fundamento*." We have no means of knowing what pretence Forbes had for addressing the assembly at all, or why he was allowed to do so. He seems to have spoken in Latin, as the University Statutes required; and his words gave the greatest offence. They were regarded as an open defiance to the loyalty of the nation. Forbes was expelled from the College by the Provost and Senior Fellows, and suspended from every Degree, *suscepto vel suscipiendo*; and then afterwards at a meeting of the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters, 2nd August, 1708, deprived and degraded by the University.

On the process of expulsion Dr. Todd comments:—

It will be seen that Forbes was first expelled from the College by the Provost and Senior Fellows, and suspended from his Degrees; afterwards deprived and degraded by the University. It was necessary that he should be first expelled by the College, by which expulsion he ceased to be a student, and lost the right to a Degree which the Charter of Elizabeth gave him. The University was therefore free to deal with him as if he had never been a member of the College.

We read of much ado about this matter, of protestations of loyalty made by the College, and of resolutions of the House of Commons in honour of the College. Yet after all, unless Forbes said something which Dr. Todd does not mention, where was the great offence? Where was the wickedness of "*those wicked words eodem nititur fundamento*"? Surely the title of Anne rested on just the same grounds as the title of William, and those were the best grounds on which any title could rest. William and Anne and all their successors have reigned by a good Parliamentary right, which it is clear that the Jameses and Charleses, succeeding in the teeth of Henry the Eighth's will, never had. Where the wickedness of Forbes's words lay is altogether beyond us.

#### MR. CALVERLEY'S THEOCRITUS.\*

THEOCRITUS is a poet so thorough, so various, and in many points so much to be admired and studied, that it were a thousand pities to cavil at the form of any attempt to turn him into English. The more so when, as with Mr. Calverley, great gifts of taste, scholarship, and fellow-feeling with the Syracusan bard are brought to the task. Whatever may be thought of blank verse as an equivalent for Theocritean measures, it was supererogatory in Mr. Calverley to offer any justification for what his own success does so much of itself to recommend. A first-rate performer upon an ordinary instrument commands greater favour than a mere strummer upon one that is better chosen; and besides this, by the wholesome interfusion of other metres, especially when interlocutors in the blank-verse idyls vary the narrative or dialogue with song, the present translator successfully escapes monotony, and presents to English readers a delightful poet in a guise almost as easy, changeable, and graceful as his own. This is saying much, seeing that we rate very highly the genius of Theocritus; yet not too much, if we institute a candid com-

\* *Theocritus*. Translated into English Verse. By C. Calverley, late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Author of "Translations into English and Latin." Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. 1869.

parison between the translation and the original. Chapman's translation, which was reviewed in these columns some years ago, left little to be desired; but Mr. Calverley is a nicer and exacter scholar, possessed of a wonderful aptness at squaring things old and new, and imparting to his version an air of modern life which bespeaks the man of the world grafted on the scholar. As we turn over his pages we meet at odd corners little features and touches that remind us of his earlier poems and translations, and recognise sparkles of the same happy humour and perception which at once gave him a rank above mere translators. The same quaint fancy for odd analogies crops out in his Theocritus. The ancient poet is brought near to us, and seems more like life, when his translator ventures, in Id. v. 83, to translate τὰ δὲ Κάρνεια καὶ δὴ ἰφίρπει, "the Carnival is near," and καλὸν κρίας (ἀμνίδος), *ibid.* 140, "an elegant lamb's fry." So, in xiv. 17, the much discussed words βολβός τις κοχλιάς look very natural as "we'd oyster-soup"; and in the next idyl we realize the garotter of Alexandria (48), παρίπων Αἰγυπτίσι, "creeping Thug-like up." Gorgo's name for her spouse Diocleides, φέρος ἀργυρίω, "that pick-pocket," might perhaps have been more fairly "that dip-pocket," and though it is quite in Mr. Calverley's own vein, few translators would have been bold enough to render the play on words in Idyl xxvi. 26 ("The Bacchanals"),

ἔξ ὄρους πίνθημα καὶ οὐ Πενθῆα φερόισαι.  
And planted not a king but aching there.

But this is characteristic; and, while there is nothing else so fanciful as this, there are a hundred other niceties of fancy and resemblance pressed into the translator's service with the happiest effect.

But it is not in these minutiae alone that Mr. Calverley displays congeniality with his original. Much time has been spent by commentators in discussing how many and which poems of Theocritus are strictly pastoral. To us it seems that to go too carefully into such a question is to limit his genius. There is infinite variety in his subjects, and in their treatment. They are far from being all *bucolic* in character; indeed not all can be designated as "idyllic," "The Praise of Ptolemy," "The Hiero," and the poems in commemoration of Hercules being manifest exceptions; but perhaps we may say that in each and all there are idyllic features, *e.g.*, in xvi. 90-2 ("The Value of Song"), where we find such as the following:—

And fair and fruitful may their cornlands be!  
Their flocks in thousands bleat upon the lea,  
Fat and full-fed: 't is kine, as home they wind,  
The lagging traveller of his rest remind.

There is hardly a poem extant of Theocritus which does not enshrine some such gems of description; and it is safe to say that, with scarcely an exception, there are pictures or scenes, painted in vivid words, and peopled with *dramatis personae* that are mute or voiceful as the case may be. To represent these pictures and persons we want a translator skilled alike in pictorial and in dramatic effects, and such a one indubitably is Mr. Calverley, uniting as he does, to high powers of description and a keen sense of natural beauty, much perception of character and skill in portrayal of the serious as well as the ludicrous. Into description he throws not only the life, but also the grace, with which Theocritus clothes it. Thus, in the beginning of that exquisite idyl ("Harvest-Home, or the Thalsia"), the Seventh, he has completely realized "Byrrhina's rill," and the avenue beside it, where,

Poplar and elm  
Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed  
By tufted leaves;

and further on in it "the sombre boughs," where "sweet cicadas chirped laboriously." Some portions of the Fifth Idyl ("The Battle of the Bards") present a field for descriptive talent, and that poem, being in thirteen-syllable rhyming couplets, affords Mr. Calverley full scope for doing justice to his author. Perhaps, however, the most quotable examples are to be found in the "Hylas," the description of the fountain in which strikes us as very nearly perfect in the translation before us. The metre, which is Southwell's six-line stave, is used by him with remarkable felicity in turning also the Twenty-third and Twenty-sixth Idyls. Let the reader who has kept up his Greek compare vv. 41-4 of Id. xiii., κνάνων τε . . . ἀγρούστας, with what follows here:—

There rose the sea-blue swallow-wort, and there  
The pale-hued maidenhair, with parsley green  
And vagrant marsh flowers; and a revel rare  
In the pool's midst the water-nymphs were seen  
To hold, those maidens of unslumbering eyes,  
Whom the belated traveller sees and flies.

For this kind of idyl we can imagine no better metre, and it is as effective in representing the debarkation of the Argonauts, and the after-wanderings of the bereaved Hercules, as it is for the scenery of the fountain. The translation of the whole idyl is faithful, vivid, and picturesque. But in truth it is only want of space that bars the citation of other equally true descriptive passages from the First Idyl, from the Eleventh, and from divers others. Foreground and background in all of these mimic pictures have been carefully painted by Theocritus, and it would be an exacting critic that could find a flaw in this skilful copy. Even such minute particulars as the attitude of the Cyclops, as he pours forth his lay to Galatea,

καθεσδόμενος ὃ ἐπὶ πίτρας  
ὕψηλός, ἐς πόντον ὤρων, αἰεὶ τοιαῦτα

are neatly reproduced in the words

He sate him down  
On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang.

But, to come to the dramatic aspect of Theocritus, it is curiously various and multiform. In one class of idyls we have the fervid utterances of the love-lorn sorceress (Idyl ii.); in another and larger class the amœbean contests of herdsmen and shepherds for the prize of pastoral minstrelsy; and in yet another the mimetic and comic dialogues between Thyonichus and Æschines, the gossips Gorgo and Praxinoa, and the two starving fishermen who discuss a dream in the Twenty-first Idyl. In "the sorceress" there is something tragic, and still more that has pretensions to pathos. And it must suffice to say that what there is of these in Theocritus's model is preserved in the copy. Into the amœbean rillery of the "herdsmen," goatherds, and shepherds in some of the earlier idyls Mr. Calverley throws plenty of life and spirit. Witness the mock strife between Cometes and Lacon, from which the following is a snatch:—

COMETES. There's some one ill of heartburn. You note it, I presume,  
Morsen? Go quick and fetch a squill from some old beladme's tomb.

LACON. I think I'm stinging somebody, as Morsen too perceives—  
Go to the river and dig up a clump of sow-bread leaves.

And again how, in Idyl iv., Corydon rates the heifer that will not keep away from the olive-shoots (46-9):—

Back to thy hill, Cymætha! Great Pan! how deaf thou art!  
I shall be with thee presently, and in the end thou'lt smart.  
I warn thee, keep thy distance. Look, up she creeps again!  
O if I had my cudgel, I'd lay about her then.

The "Gossips"—or, as Mr. Calverley calls them, the "Two Ladies of Syracuse"—are far too good company for us to tantalize our readers by a bare specimen of their conversation. But our translator will, if they list, take them in Gorgo's and Praxinoa's company to the grand spectacle of the Adonis, after the preliminary gossip about their husbands, their pelisses, the baby, and so forth has been duly gone through. Life is the same in the nineteenth century after, as in the latest centuries before, the Christian era, if only we look at it in the same ranks; and even those who have no Greek learning will find abundant interest in the talk and tribulations of these sightseers. It is the same with the quaint idyl of "The Fishermen"—in which, by the way, are two lines which have puzzled annotators, but to which the translation before us gives, without going out of the way, a plausible interpretation. Asphalion, after describing his own rough bed in his cabin by the sea, adds

τὸ δὲ λύχνιον ἐν πρυτανείῳ  
φαντὶ γὰρ αἶν ἄγαν τὸδ' ἔχειν

and he seems to make the remark by way of contrast to the enforced leisure which darkness and night-time vouchsafed to him and his comrade. It was otherwise, he says, in the public halls, where there were funds for lighting up the hours of darkness:—

In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet;  
But fish come always to the rich man's net.

The last line is simply an illustration drawn from Asphalion's calling. There are some good samples of monostich dialogue to be found in the idyl which comes next after "The Fishermen"; and we commend the completeness with which the Bebrycian King's retort on Polydeuces, v. 59, τῆς σῆς γὰρ μὲν οὐκ ἐπιβαίνα, is rendered in the English "And I'm not trespassing." But the most striking achievement in this way of Theocritus is in an idyl which is not very often read in the original, and indeed requires a little shading off and refining in translation to be quite presentable. As Mr. Calverley gives it, it cannot be found objectionable; and thus he confers a kindness upon the bard whom he has undertaken to present to English readers, by enabling them to see what skill, constructiveness, and reality Theocritus has displayed in this idyl, "A Countryman's Wooing." It may be doubted whether there is anything cleverer in what remains of the poet, clever though almost every line we possess of him undoubtedly is. The whole piece might be an illustration of the proverb that "twenty nay-says make one yea-say"; but the persistence of the rustic lover, and the squeamishness of the rustic belle, are represented with infinite adroitness and vraisemblance. We extract ten lines from the confabulation of Daphnis and the Maiden:—

M. Many have wooed me; but I fancied none.  
D. Till among many came the destined one.  
M. Wedlock is woe. Dear love, what shall I do?  
D. Woe it is not; but joy and dancing too.  
M. Wives dread their husbands: so I've heard it said.  
D. Nay! they rule o'er them. What does woman dread?  
M. Then children—Eileithyia's dart is keen.  
D. But the deliverer, Artemis, is your queen.  
M. And bearing children all our grace destroys.  
D. Bear them and shine more lustrous in your boys.

The Greek of the last line is ἦν δὲ τέκερ ἑίδα τέκνα, νῖον φάος ὄψεαι νῆας; and it may fitly stand for a pattern of the neatness, spirit, and faithfulness of the rest.

Throughout this work, indeed, there is a judicious union of these qualities, mixed in sound and sensible proportions. Nothing, for instance, can be more true and faithful than the rendering of epithets, *e.g.* λιπαρόχρων, "the lustrous-limbed one," ii. 102; ὁ λευκὸς ὁ κορυμπίλος, "You with the glossy coat and dangerous crest," v. 147; and the "Epithalamium of Helen" (an idyl so turned as to rival the late Sir E. Head's version of it in grace and spirit, while it outrivals it in faithfulness) will yield a whole crop of the happiest representative epithets to any reader who will note them. For Theocritean proverbs, on the other hand, Mr.



Calverley's way, and we think it a right one, is to substitute the nearest English current equivalent—e.g., in Idyl x. 11, χαλεπὸν χορίω κίνα γύσαι reappears as "If but the cat taste cream"; and so with the many other instances of cited proverb-lore which show that Theocritus, like Shakspeare, did not undervalue "the people's voice." By the substitution of modern saws Mr. Calverley evinces a kindred feeling and genius, and adds to the life and reality of the work he reproduces. His work strikes us as singularly free from mistakes. Taken from Briggs's text, it Englishes Theocritus as we were wont to read him in schoolboy-days; and we are glad to see that he has made very good and acceptable sense of passages upon which the latest German editor, Fritsche, has tried his emendatory hand with no great success, and with a too hasty condemnation of English editors and translators. A slip or two may be found; e.g. in Idyl iii. 50, "I envy Jason," which can hardly pass muster as an equivalent for ζαλὼ Ἰάσιωνα; and we suppose that, in the fourth verse of p. 10, for "in Dias" one should read "in Dia."

But it is rare to find an English translation as free from even slight errors as this is; and, inasmuch as we accept to the full Dr. Donaldson's estimate of Theocritus as a poet of the highest original genius, and as the taste of the day as regards poetry is for the idyllic rather than the epic or didactic forms of it, we felicitate the reading public upon having gained a new version of him by a ripe scholar and a poet of a curiously congenial taste for scenery and word-painting.

#### THE SOUTH AMERICAN INQUISITION.\*

A REALLY full and impartial history of the Inquisition, from its first origin in the thirteenth century till it sunk under the crash of the French Revolution into its dishonoured grave, is still a desideratum in our language. The volume by Dr. Harris Rule which we had occasion to notice last year suggests the deficiency rather than supplies it. It is difficult for a Protestant to write with any semblance of moderation on the one point of the indictment against Rome where it is next to impossible to exaggerate the facts, and quite impossible to make out even a plausible defence. Least of all could such reserve be expected from a Wesleyan minister who finds the Holy Office prefigured in every chapter of the Apocalypse. The present work is so far more satisfactory that it comes, not from an English Protestant, but from a South American, and apparently a Roman Catholic, born at Santiago, the capital of Chile. He gives us, from the original documents of the Inquisition itself, preserved in the National Library of Lima, a chapter of the history of that institution in the last century—in the days, that is, of its decadence and comparative mildness—so horrible in the bare recital that we wish he had not done his best to weaken its effect by the copious garniture of expletives and tirades which decorates almost every page. It is fair to say that Señor Mackenna has been singularly unhappy in his translator, who may or may not understand the Spanish language, but is conspicuously ignorant of his own. It is weary work to peruse a writer who is always talking about "the conspiration of silence," the "sackage of the record office," the "amount of illustration"—meaning, probably, enlightenment—among the people, and who speaks of "Llorente, the terrible historian of the same institution, of which, by his office, he was the depository of its archives"; not to add that Mr. Duffy has improved upon the sufficiently vituperative comments of his author by a running accompaniment of still more vituperative notes of his own to point the moral against the "whole of the great body of the clergy of the Catholic Church." Still, after full allowance has been made for Mr. Duffy's blundering self-sufficiency, and his almost incredible ignorance of English and, we suppose, of Latin—for hardly a Latin word is quoted that is not misspelt—it is clear that the best translator could not have made his author other than prolix, pedantic, and wholly deficient in the first rudiments of literary composition. The book reads throughout like the essay of a precocious and absurdly egotistic schoolboy. The dedication to the memory of the first Archbishop of Santiago, who seems to have been a member of the writer's family, is but an average sample of the bombastic language of the whole volume:—

To his immaculate virtue, his sublime humility, to his infinite charity and holy teaching, who guided us from our childhood in the path of tolerance and love, eternal base of true religion. These pages, which, by a sad contrast of past times, remind us of the execrable abominations of hatred and absurdity, I dedicate with profound and sincere veneration.

It is only on account of the importance of the subject, which survives in spite of every possible error of taste, style, and method in both author and translator, and the solid basis of authentic testimony on which the story is founded, that we have called attention to a volume in a literary point of view so utterly worthless.

Señor Mackenna tells us that he was led to put together this account of the process against Francisco Moyaen from the original *autos* preserved at Lima, by the appearance of a work in vindication of the Inquisition from the pen of Saavedra, a prebendary of Santiago, and still more by finding that this work was selected by the directors of the Jesuit College at Santiago as a text-book to be read to their pupils during dinner, and had received the express approbation of the authorities of the archdiocese. He adds that the author is affirmed by all who know him to be "a learned man, a famous theologian, and a modest and Christian clergyman,"

which makes his uncompromising defence of the Inquisition, as "a natural expression of the nature of Christian society, and of the nature of man," the more unpleasantly significant as a moral fact. Señor Saavedra is content to trace the origin of the Inquisition to Theodosius the Great, but his critic reminds us that the Peruvian Bermudez had been even bolder in his claim of venerable antiquity, for he informs his readers that "God, as the first Inquisitor, tried the cause of Adam." Saavedra reckons among the advantages of the Inquisition, that it was not only established in defence of the Christian faith and of public order, but also "for the benefit and individual security of the heretics themselves," and it thus gave to the people a lesson of moderation and humanity, and pointed out to kings the path of mercy! This is rather startling, but one is still more surprised to learn that the Holy Office was a main agent in promoting the revival of literature and science. On that point the ingenious Prebendary shall speak for himself:—

It is said that the Spanish Inquisition operated as an obstacle to science. But history says the contrary, for it was exactly only but a short time after it was established, and during the period of its development and while in its greatest vigour, that the sciences began to flourish, universities were founded, and the art of printing introduced; it encouraged the study of the classics, it favoured poetry and the fine arts, books were imported, men celebrated for their learning were invited from foreign countries, the nobles dedicated themselves to studies which had been for a long time neglected, and throughout Spain there reigned an activity for scientific investigation very remarkable. The epoch in which Spanish literature shone with its greatest splendour was from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, and this likewise was the period in which the Inquisition displayed its greatest energy and power. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Fr. Luis de Leon, Solis, Santa Teresa, Luis de la Puente, Rivadeneira, and the three greatest historians of Spain, Pulgar, Zurita and Mariana, belonged to this time, and their works were printed with the licence of the Inquisition.

This is a curious parody of the old argument, *post hoc, propter hoc*. For the Spanish Inquisition is gravely maintained to have originated the very movement which it was established for the purpose of repressing, and which it did so successfully repress that for theology, science, history, and, in fact, all but the lightest literature, which alone could escape suspicion of heresy, Spain, during the period of its power, has no single name to show. Señor Mackenna may well observe that it would be as reasonable to trace freedom of thought and of the press to the action of the Roman Index, or to say that the gag was invented to increase our facility of speech. We will not say with him that poor Saavedra's "vertiginous ravings are unfathomable," because we have no taste for sublimated Billingsgate; but one is certainly rather taken aback to hear a cathedral dignitary in the nineteenth century openly defending the capital punishment of heretics on the Scriptural ground that God ordained it in the Mosaic law, and that our Lord told Pilate that his power over life and death was given him from on high. After this we are prepared to learn that torture is also a natural right which may be defended both on philosophical and historical grounds, and that exhuming the bones of dead heretics in order to strew their ashes on the burning pile gave "a salutary example" by inspiring in people's minds a greater detestation of the crime. It appears from an extract in the Appendix that the delation of heretics was accounted, under the sway of the Inquisition, one of the first of Christian duties; and that the first inquiry of a confessor to his penitent was as to his knowledge of any heretics. Indeed this edifying question seems only recently to have gone out of fashion in South America, if we may judge from the following note:—

We have already mentioned that Stevenson had declared that he took from the secret archives of the Inquisition at Lima various denunciations of heretics made by their own confessors, but apart from this there exists at the present time a respectable gentleman in Santiago, who, having confessed himself in Lima, in 1817, when he was only seventeen years old, found himself obliged to hold a profound theological discussion with his confessor, who was a Father Porras, of St. Domingo, respecting whether he ought to denounce or not the ill-fated and clever Chilean Don Joaquin Eyana, at that time banished to Lima, and a great admirer of Voltaire and the French philosophers.

Father Porras, however, did not press the point, as the Holy Office had been abolished five years before.

We are not going to follow the author through the loathsome details of the capture and inhuman treatment of Francisco Moyaen, a young Frenchman, seized on the idliest pretexts, and kept twelve years in the prisons of the Inquisition of Lima, when he was finally declared *innocent*, and sentenced to ten years more imprisonment in the dungeons of the Holy Office at Seville! Happily a shipwreck on the way to Spain released him from his lingering martyrdom. If our readers wish to know the kind of charges which the Inquisitors were unanimous in regarding as proof of formal heresy, we may mention that one of them was his calling a mule—which has no soul—"a creature of God," and another, his saying that, "in the *Ave Maria*, it should not be The Lord is with thee, but The Lord was with thee." Among the forty counts of the indictment against him, of which these are fair samples, there were, however, two of a more serious nature, which evidently contain the real explanation of the treatment he received. We will give them as they stand in the *autos*, with the accompanying decree of his judges:—

#### XV. THE PONTIFFS.

Upon another occasion, in the presence of various persons, the said accused repeated the same proposition as in the last charge, added that the Pope canonized, or did any other thing for the sake of money, because it is known that his Holiness does not canonize many that are canonizable, because there is no money forthcoming.

They said they were agreed: that the first part of the charge had the same censure as the one antecedent, and that the second part contained scandalous doctrine, temerarious, heretically blasphemous and formally

\* *Francisco Moyaen; or, the Inquisition as it was in South America.* By B. Vicuña Mackenna. Translated by J. W. Duffy. London: Sotheran & Co. 1869.

heretical, and injurious to the Pontiffs and to the Church, constituting the accused a heretical blasphemer, and formally a heretic.

#### XXXIV.—THE LUXURY OF THE CLERGY.

The accused, in a conversation about the ecclesiastics, several times spoke of them in general in a mocking and disrespectful manner, particularly of the pomp and ostentation of the Señors Bishops, Archbishops, and the Holy Pontiff, wondering that they rode in rich coaches and had large incomes, when St. Peter and the other Apostles and Evangelists went about covered with poor clothing, asking alms and preaching the Gospel.

They said they were agreed: that this charge contained scandalous doctrine, offensive *piarum animum*, insulting to the Pontiffs, to the Ecclesiastical Prelates, and to the State; temerarious, partaking of the heresy of Wickliff, and constituting the accused vehemently suspected in the faith and of the Wickliffian heresy.

The Appendix contains some painfully instructive extracts from the manual of Inquisitors used in Spain and Portugal, most of which, however, were given in Dr. Rule's volume already noticed in our columns. The revolting hypocrisy of "earnestly beseeching" the civil authorities not to punish the heretics delivered into their hands is expressly recognised and enjoined. The sole ground for this injunction is, that otherwise the judges would incur "irregularity" by the old Canon Law. Any civil officer who had acted on the formal recommendation to mercy would have thereby incurred suspicion of heresy himself, and have been dealt with accordingly. Yet Prebendary Saavedra is silly or audacious enough to appeal to this hypocritical formality in proof of the merciful character of the Inquisition. Those who wish to gain some acquaintance with a code of rules drawn up with admirable sagacity not so much to secure the conviction of the guilty as to preclude the escape of the innocent, will do well to study the extracts given here. One specimen passage from the chapter on the kind of testimony to be received against those accused of heresy is all we can find room for here. It will probably be enough for the digestion of ordinary readers:—

1st. In causes of heresy with respect to the faith the testimony of the excommunicated is received, as also that of the accomplices of the accused, of the infamous, of the criminals accused of any crime whatever, in short, also that of heretics; always provided that these testimonies are against the accused but never in their favour.

2nd. The testimony of false witnesses against the accused is also admitted; so that should a false witness retract his first declaration favourable to the accused, the judges must attend to the second. This law is peculiar to the process against heretics, because in the ordinary tribunals it is the first declaration that is valid. It is to be understood that the second declaration is only of value when it is to the prejudice of the accused; should it be in their favour, the judge must only admit the first. Let us suppose, for example, that So-and-so has said that the priests were the inventors of purgatory, and afterwards denies his accusation, the first declaration will remain good, notwithstanding the posterior retraction, if in case that the second declaration weakens the force of the first; and he that retracts must be punished for being a false witness. The judge must be careful not to give too much credit to such retractions, because in that might result the impunity of heresy.—*Directory and Annotations*, book iii. note 122.

3rd. Against the accused is also admitted the declaration of domestic witnesses, that is, of his wife, of his children, of his relations and servants, but never in his favour; and thus it has been ordered because these declarations are of much weight.—*Directory*, part iii. question 70.

4th. It is an opinion agreed to by all moralists that in causes of heresy a brother can declare against a brother, and a son against his father. Father Simancaz wished to exempt from this law the father and the children, but his opinion is not admissible, because it would render erroneous the most convincing reasons, which are, that we ought to obey God in preference to our fathers, and that if it is lawful for one to take away the life of his father when he becomes an enemy to his country, how much more ought he to denounce him when he becomes guilty of the crime of heresy? A son, accuser of his father, does not incur the penalties fulminated by the law against the children of heretics, and this is the premium for his delation.—*In premium delationis*, *Annot.* book ii. note 12.

One word more, and we have done. The *Tablet* the other day made itself very merry—for to the Ultramontane mind heretic-burning is one of the liveliest topics of amusement—over the alleged discovery of the calcined remains of former victims of the Inquisition at Madrid, which it declared to be simply "the debris of an old building." Our contemporary gives no authority for its contradiction of the received account, and its own reputation for accuracy is not such as to enable its readers to dispense with proof. But the writer must be perfectly aware that it is not really of the slightest consequence whether or not the particular relics dug up at Madrid were the charred bones of heretics, for of the fact of their being immolated by wholesale there can be no shadow of a doubt. The simple fact that Torquemada alone burnt 8,000 of them at the lowest computation, and over 10,000 according to the more common reckoning, besides torturing and imprisoning some 90,000 more, is sufficiently eloquent without any additional illustration from the spectacle of exhumed corpses. To say that "it was the work of the State, not of the Church" is a mere subterfuge, though De Maistre originated it. The Spanish Government no doubt utilized the Inquisition for its own purposes, but it used an instrument ready made and put into its hands by the Church, and which has existed equally in every other Catholic country, the Roman States included, where the ecclesiastical authorities could get their way. In South America, as Mackenna tells us, it held its own, not by the good-will of the State, but in spite of it, though the civil power was none the less compelled to obey its behests and do its bloody work.

#### AUSTRALIAN VIEWS OF ENGLAND.\*

WE have often thought that an amusing book might be made by a republication of the letters of some intelligent newspaper Correspondent. We do not speak of those accounts of

campaigns or revolutions by qualified eye-witnesses which form useful chapters of contemporary history; they have merits of their own of a special kind; but it would often be interesting, after the lapse of a few years, to recall the impression made upon a sensible observer by a contemplation of the more ordinary course of affairs. It would be curious to remark how fallible are even the acutest prophets; how many events passed almost without notice which were destined to exercise a marked influence upon the time; and how many questions, on the other hand, attracted the liveliest interest which have sunk into profound and undisturbed repose. The collections of private letters, which illustrate former periods, have generally the fault that we cannot infer much from their silence; we do not know how much knowledge the correspondents may have assumed in each other, nor whether they have passed over significant incidents from a want of appreciation or from any merely private motive. It is common, for example, to remark upon the entire want of any perception of the coming changes in letters written from France in the years which preceded the outburst of the Revolution. The fact is, indeed, curious; but it may sometimes be due to the natural preference of a letter-writer for dwelling upon amusing personal interests, rather than upon general political speculations. A newspaper Correspondent, on the other hand, is bound to be more or less philosophical; it is his special duty to mark the signs of impending changes; and if he fails to dwell upon the most significant events, we may be sure that it is from absence of the ability to discern them, instead of absence of desire to record them. Moreover, we forget so rapidly the sentiments which were familiar to us only a few years back, that it is curious to have them recalled by unimpeachable testimony; and though the process may often be humiliating, it possesses some very palpable advantages.

For these reasons we should be disposed to welcome the little volume whose title we have quoted below, which is a reprint of certain letters written from England, in the years 1861 and 1862, to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. They should have the additional merit of showing us, what is seldom brought before us, the opinions, namely, which our colonists entertain of the Mother-country. The letters are indeed not very remarkable, and we fear that we cannot contradict the modest avowal of the author, that they "have no claim to literary excellence." Still it may be a good thing to see what an intelligent Australian had to say about England seven years ago. We do not know how large a section of his fellow-colonists he may represent, though, if the ordinary descriptions of colonial sentiment be true, we should infer that they were a decided minority. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, if we may assume that it was in general sympathy with its Correspondent, entertained very different views from those of its namesake in England. Mr. Parkes, so far as we can understand, for he does not express himself very decidedly, is a believer in Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinions as to the expediency of the complete separation of the colonies from the British Empire. He attended one of those depressing debates in which the House of Commons is engaged in discussing an abstract proposition concerning countries about which the majority knows next to nothing, and cares as little. As in duty bound, Mr. Parkes sat out the debate; and the House, which had been tolerably well filled at its commencement, dwindled, as he informs us, to twenty-seven whilst it proceeded, and was counted out directly after its conclusion. If we desire to keep up a close connexion with Australia, it is certainly to be hoped that as few reporters as possible may be present at Parliamentary debates on behalf of Australian newspapers. Their observations will hardly tend to increase the colonists' sense of importance in the eyes of the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Parkes, indeed, does not seem to have a very high opinion of the state of political knowledge in England. His visit taking place in the Palmerstonian epoch, he was struck with the indifference displayed as to such subjects as the extension of the franchise. He quotes a letter written by Mr. Miall in November, 1861, refusing to attend a Reform conference on the ground that the whole country had given itself up to a strong delusion, and cared little for any questions of the kind. "Since the outburst of the Russian war," said Mr. Miall, "political demoralization has been both wider in its sweep and more rapid in its action than in any like period of our modern history." The English nation, as Mr. Parkes declares, "cares nothing about politics in the abstract, or what is called political principle." A few people have hobbies, especially about matters in which their pockets are concerned; Nonconformists dislike church-rates; and commercial men are sincere in denouncing Protection; but the period, he thinks, is marked by a dying out of the strong passions of former days, though he admits that they may revive at some future epoch. As may be supposed from his general tone of sentiment, Mr. Parkes was a strong sympathizer with the Northern States, and records with much disgust the affectionate manner in which Mr. Gregory shook by the hand "the old slave-master," Mr. Mason, on a report of General McClellan's surrender. In short, Mr. Parkes's view of the country was pretty much what we are accustomed to expect in the more respectable part of the Republican press in America. There is, indeed, no animosity against England; but he evidently regarded us with a certain kindly contempt, as poor ignorant aristocratic people who had fallen aside from our old zeal, and showed a want of any ardent sympathy with causes which deserved our respect. We must leave to our readers to decide, according to their individual tastes, how far this criticism is well founded; only remarking, by the way, that it is curious to contrast the political apathy which struck our writer so forcibly seven

\* *Australian Views of England*. By Henry Parkes, late Colonial Secretary of New South Wales. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1869.



years ago with the great changes which have since taken place. The fires have revived more quickly than Mr. Parkes could have anticipated. Taking these remarks, however, for what they are worth, it is odd to remark what are the great subjects of interest for an ardent Australian democrat. In the opening letters we have some remarks on the death of the Prince Consort, for whom Mr. Parkes finds it difficult adequately to express his admiration. He dwells upon the many virtues of the departed Prince; he declares that from one end of England to another the effect was one "of universal visible grief." The loss is to be seen everywhere, he says, "in the grief-burdened faces of the people." The English working-men were specially suited, he thinks, to appreciate the services of the Prince Consort, because—whatever he may precisely mean—"there is a very kingliness in the true type of the English mechanic." As an outward and visible expression of the national sorrow, "England is becoming a land of statues." In a few years "every English child will have some local statue of Albert the Good, benignly crowning its earliest associations." Nor is his loyalty confined to this member of the Royal Family. He speaks affectionately of Albert Edward, who is now (that is, in 1862) "completing his princely education by a course of travel in the lands of classical and sacred story." The Prince of Wales, he believed—for newspaper Correspondents are fallible—was about to ascend the throne, in consequence of the expected abdication of our "idolized Queen." He pushed into a railway-station to catch a glimpse of Prince Arthur, and, though reluctantly admitting his likeness to "other little boys," was evidently much gratified by the glimpse vouchsafed to him.

This is perhaps the most characteristic part of the book. It is curious to see a gentleman who is evidently an ardent democrat, who speaks with profound admiration of Mr. Goldwin Smith's arguments on behalf of colonial emancipation, and declares that his opponents have entirely failed to meet them, express notwithstanding an involuntary loyalty to the Royal Family in which many Englishmen of far more Conservative sentiments would scarcely be able to equal him. We do not ask what is the precise value of this sentiment, for the question would be a very difficult one; but it is worth taking into account, when we discuss the relations subsisting between ourselves and Australia, that the loyal instinct survives in so much strength even amongst those who almost openly advocate a separation from us. When Mr. Parkes speaks of English pauperism, of English blindness to the merits of democracy, and of the generally effete character of much of our political sentiment, we might almost take him for a Massachusetts Radical. To all appearance he would listen with approval to a Sumnerian oration on the manifold crimes of Great Britain. When, on the other hand, he comes within the attraction of royalty, he speaks with a strength of sentiment to which we are scarcely accustomed at home. It would perhaps be unfair to suggest as a partial explanation of the apparent inconsistency that he lavishes most of his praises upon those members of the Royal Family who, in his opinion, will no longer exercise an influence upon our politics. But it is evident that, whatever Mr. Parkes's private opinions may be, the people for whom he writes have by no means become dead to the power of a loyal appeal.

We may mention one other criticism upon English manners which has by no means become obsolete, and to which we have lately had our attention called. Mr. Parkes went to the Oxford Commemoration, with a due respect for the historical associations of our ancient Universities. He expected to see the flower of the English youth of the upper classes, and to take a lesson in polite manners, of a refinement impossible to persons brought up in a new country. He expected—it was rash, if natural—to "see some classic turn given to the latest slang, some freshness of wit infused into the dispensations of popular displeasure!" We need hardly say what he did in fact hear—a wild and meaningless hubbub, which he kindly describes as the ebullition of animal spirits; a series of howls for "ladies in blue" and "ladies in pink," and the other time-honoured disturbances by which young gentlemen at our Universities show their right to be considered as the best specimens of English education. That they cheered Jefferson Davis, hooted Mr. Bright, and chaffed the Portuguese Ambassador because he had two Christian names, were matters of trifling importance, though they seem to have shocked Mr. Parkes a good deal. It did not show much literary cultivation that there should be a shout on the name of Mr. Henry Taylor, "Who is he?" These matters may be set down to political prejudices, good or bad, and to an ignorance which is not criminal, if it is not creditable; but the hideous roar of a crowd of undergraduates, permitted to insult University authorities and interrupt all proceedings for the whole time of the meeting, is thoroughly disreputable, and we hope that the remarks made upon it by unprejudiced foreign observers may come to the ears of those who are responsible for the insubordination exhibited.

#### MRS. HARDCASTLE'S ADVENTURES.\*

TWO things are necessary for a good plot—a clever complication of incident, and an adequate basis to rest it upon. That nothing is stronger than its weakest part is an axiom as true in literature as in mechanics. It is a waste of power to pile up the agony, or the mystery, or the ingenuity, if the foundation on which it all reposes be flimsy, trivial, and insignificant. The organic

weakness of the fabric only becomes more apparent. This is the mistake which Lady C. Thynne has made in this work. It reminds one of a pyramid standing on its apex. Three whole volumes are devoted to the elucidation of a mystery which proves after all to be nothing but a mare's nest. To say the least, such a result is disappointing. One submits to be mystified in a novel, and to grope from chapter to chapter in a twilight of vague surmise, on the implied condition that one is to be rewarded by something solid and substantial at the bottom of all this elaborate mystification. Nothing is more irritating than to find that one has been tricked into wading through three volumes of much ado about nothing. If there be such an offence as obtaining readers by false pretences, it is committed by the novelist who raises expectations, say of a murder or a bigamy, and then palms off upon the reader some peccadillo or trumpery entanglement. If mystery is imported, it should be a mystery with some stuff in it, not a mere cobweb which by the exercise of the smallest common sense would have been brushed away at the outset of the story. It is not only inartistic, but highly impolitic, to experiment on the reader's curiosity with a windbag. He will take care not to be duped twice.

Having indicated the principal defect of this work—namely, its want of a knot worth the labour of disentangling—let us at once say that it is written throughout in a pleasant and lady-like tone, and that the story is told with no little skill. The heroine is a fascinating governess, domiciled in the family of a Lancashire manufacturer, and endowed with a splendid soprano voice. The antecedents of Theresa Oliver were wrapt in profound obscurity, nothing being known of her but that she had come to Mr. Morgan's on the casual recommendation of a Paris banker. The presence among them of a young lady of great beauty and refinement, and a splendid talent for operatic music, could not fail to excite the curiosity of the small circle who frequented Branstons Fold. By common consent it was agreed that Miss Oliver "had a history," but what that history was no one could make out, for on the slightest allusion to her past she enveloped herself in impenetrable reserve. The only frequent visitor at Mr. Morgan's house was John Hardcastle, a thriving young brother manufacturer, to whom he acted as a sort of commercial Mentor, and whom he would gladly have seen united to his daughter Jane. In this hopeful little project he is encouraged by the wily Theresa, who artfully insinuates that these frequent visits are inspired by a tender interest in her pupil. Consequently the worthy man is rudely disillusioned when one fine morning John Hardcastle arrives to ask his consent to a marriage, not with Jane, but with her governess. We may notice, in passing, the somewhat novel view of Lancashire character disclosed in these pages. The Manchester man is usually credited with an unusual amount of shrewdness. One can quite imagine, however, that in a matter of domestic tactics he should be outwitted by a designing woman. What is less easy to understand, even making due allowance for the blinding effect of love, is the readiness of a Manchester man to marry a young lady of whose antecedents he was utterly in the dark, and without even venturing an inquiry on a subject of such vital moment to his happiness. One would have thought that an equivocal position, and the possession of an exceptionally splendid soprano voice, were of themselves circumstances suggestive of caution. The guileless simplicity of her hero-manufacturer seems to us to show that our authoress wishes to exhibit the reverse side of the type of character popularly attributed to Lancashire. Or perhaps she merely means to illustrate the omnipotence of female influence, and to show how the acutest dealer in cotton becomes the veriest idiot when pitted against a woman. However it may be explained, John Hardcastle's matrimonial leap in the dark proves, as might be expected, a mistake. Unluckily, it is not possible to sympathize very keenly with the sorrows of a man who deliberately, and without inquiry, marries a governess with a magnificent voice, and a past buried in mystery. Such an act of temerity puts him fairly beyond the pale of sympathy, except of the most gushing kind. Men of the world will think that he ought to have counted its cost beforehand, and to have been prepared with philosophic calmness to find himself the husband of an interesting murderess, or a bankrupt, or a bigamist, or in some other desperately unpleasant fix. As it is, our authoress lets him off cheaply—rather too cheaply, we think—to enforce with proper emphasis the duty of circumspection in so momentous an affair as marriage. However, as it is only by degrees, and after inflicting on him much mental anguish, which ultimately brings him to an early grave, that the innocent character of his wife's prenuptial adventures is established, he may fairly be considered to have atoned for his indiscretion.

It is not long before he begins to discover that it has been an indiscretion. The old-fashioned home of the Hardcastles, and the society of his two maiden sisters, soon become insufferable to the aspiring ex-governess. She longs for a more fashionable sphere, and persuades her indulgent husband to buy a smart country seat in the neighbourhood. As the mistress of Walton Grange, she mixes in county society. But the inconvenience of mysterious antecedents is much more liable to be realized by a popular county lady than by an obscure governess. As before her marriage every one was sure that she had "a history," so after marriage she is perpetually falling in with persons "who fancy they have seen that face before," or still more vividly impressed with reminiscences of the splendid soprano. Almost every one starts, or turns pale, or shows confusion, on being suddenly introduced. In particular, a certain young Lord Blair, the great man of the neighbourhood, recognises in the lady Teresa Nardi, a beautiful opera

\* *Adventures of Mrs. Hardcastle.* By Lady Charles Thynne. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

singer with whom he had been desperately in love at Milan. Being a man of high principle, he is naturally surprised to find that Mr. Hardcastle has been kept in the dark as to his wife's former career, and it is with great reluctance, and after much good advice, that he consents to pledge himself to secrecy. A much more unpleasant recognition awaits Mrs. Hardcastle when she is identified at the Paris Opera House by M. Brissonet, a gambling adventurer who had been the impresario of the Milan theatre, and who held a promise binding the fair Teresa to marry him in three years' time. For a gambler, M. Brissonet is remarkably moderate in his demands. For the sum of 40*l.* he is willing to waive his claims for a time. On reflection, he discovers that he has asked too little, and follows his victim to Walton Grange to extort another hundred. In this strait, Mrs. Hardcastle has recourse for the money to Lord Blair, who vainly implores her to make a clean breast of it to her husband. Affairs are brought to a crisis by a further demand for 500*l.* We may remark, in passing, that the figure named in these repeated requests for hush-money indicates an amount of forbearance on the part of the needy adventurer for which we were not prepared. On his journey to enforce this last demand, M. Brissonet meets with a railway accident, which lays him on a sick-bed at Canterbury. There, Mrs. Hardcastle, taking advantage of her husband's absence from home, resolves to visit him; and, against his better judgment, Lord Blair, with his cheque-book, is induced to accompany her. For a consideration, M. Brissonet is persuaded to give up the compromising paper, and Mrs. Hardcastle returns to her home, only to find that in escaping from Scylla she has fallen into Charybdis. Finding her absent, and tracing her to London in company with the young lord, John Hardcastle jumps to the conclusion that she has eloped with Lord Blair; and with the only gleam of energy which marks the typical Lancashire man in his conduct, breaks up his establishment, and retires to the seclusion of an injured husband. With his characteristic tendency to implicit trust in appearances, he refuses to listen to a word of explanation; and it is not until Lady Blair, the mother of the supposed seducer, writes a long and temperate letter, clearing up the whole matter, that he can be induced to listen to reason. Of course Lady C. Thynne does not mean to imply that the Lancashire man is more amenable to reason from the lips of a peeress than from other less influential lips. Anyhow, this last appeal is successful; a reconciliation is effected; and Theresa returns repentant, and at last no longer reticent, to nurse her husband on the death-bed to which the worry caused by her concealments had consigned him.

After all, it is not very easy to see what the adventurous Mrs. Hardcastle was so anxious to keep from her husband; still less, why she was so bent on keeping it from him. The fact of her having sung in public was not likely to have damaged her in his estimation, the position of a *prima donna* being decidedly more brilliant than that of a governess. Nor was there anything in her relations with Lord Blair, and his boyish attachment to her, for which she need have blushed. Even the mysterious paper which gave M. Brissonet his hold over her fails to furnish any adequate motive for such perversely eccentric conduct. On the contrary, the existence of such a document was much to her credit, as no reasonable husband could have doubted, since it had been signed to procure for her mother the means of living. The utmost extent of her apprehensions could not have gone beyond the possibility of an action for breach of promise, and even this was an imaginary danger, since a promise of many years' standing made in Italy between two foreigners was hardly likely to become the subject of investigation by a British jury. Even the most helpless and weak-minded of heroines could hardly have sacrificed her own and her husband's happiness to so transparent a bugbear, much less a lady who is represented as the very opposite of such a character. There are, no doubt, people constitutionally secretive, capable of making mysteries of anything and everything, however trifling, out of the mere love of mystery. They cannot blow their nose without investing the proceeding with an air of mystery. Mrs. Hardcastle may have evinced this psychological peculiarity; but then a lady of a gratuitously furtive turn of mind is hardly the person whom a judicious novelist would adopt as heroine. One is provoked at being misled into a moment's speculation over actions prompted by such trivial and unintelligible motives. And this, as we intimated at starting, is very much the impression which this novel leaves. The puzzle is ingeniously dovetailed, but the key to the puzzle is wholly inadequate. Another, and perhaps a more serious, defect of this work is that the principal characters in it are depicted in such a manner as to preclude the reader from feeling a spark of sympathy with any of the three. John Hardcastle is such a very poor creature, that it requires a violent effort of imagination to accept him as the representative of the intelligence and independence of the North. Lord Blair is a nice young man, of excellent principles, but no great sense, thoroughly qualified to shine at the tea-table or upon the croquet lawn, but quite unsuited for such grave matters as lending married ladies money, and taking journeys with them to get them out of scrapes. As for Mrs. Hardcastle, she is unpleasant almost to repulsiveness. We hardly suppose Lady C. Thynne intends one to admire her heroine, but she writes as if she had a sneaking liking for her. Heroines of fiction are not bound to be virtuous; a dash of vice in them is quite admissible—witness Becky Sharp, who certainly had her little moral failings. But then Mrs. Hardcastle has none of Becky Sharp's delightful cleverness and *verve*. So far as we can pretend to understand her, she is merely sly, self-

ish, insincere, and silly. Her metamorphosis at the end into a devoted wife is a very imperfect atonement for her life-long distrust of her husband, and her utter want of self-respect in soliciting money from an old lover. Some of the subordinate characters are much more pleasing, and much better drawn. The two maiden sisters of John Hardcastle are natural and lifelike, and, to use a horrid phrase, very happily differentiated. There is real insight in making the elder sister, who is gentle and timid, acquiesce at once in the theory of her sister-in-law's guilt, while the younger, whose original prejudice against her was much stronger, from her own frank and candid disposition, stoutly maintains her belief in her innocence. If her brother had had more of Sarah Hardcastle's spirit, he would have been more interesting and more like what a Lancashire man is popularly imagined to be; but then there would have been comparatively little to write about "Mrs. Hardcastle's adventures."

The odd thing is, that Lady C. Thynne has overlooked the fact that the title of her book is a misnomer, and that her heroine was never Mrs. Hardcastle at all. Having been married under the name of Theresa Oliver, while her real name was Nardi, she was never legally married. This will serve to point the moral of the risk which young ladies with "historical" antecedents run, when they condescend to so commonplace and prosaic a formality as marriage. Of all "Mrs. Hardcastle's adventures," this strikes us as being by many degrees the most serious.

The Rev. Dr. BAILEY of Monaghan calls upon us to correct "a very injurious misrepresentation of his views" which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of May 29, in an article on the "Belfast Meeting." Dr. BAILEY says that "the pious ejaculation of 'God grant it!'" uttered with reference to a contemplated civil war in Ireland, were the words, not of him, Dr. BAILEY, but of the Fenian Mr. KICKHAM. That is to say, Dr. BAILEY complains that we attributed to him language which he was quoting from Mr. KICKHAM. We are very glad that this is the case; and, though we are by no means called upon to do so, we allow Dr. BAILEY to make this statement. But if Dr. BAILEY will be at the trouble of consulting the STANDARD of May 25, from which we quoted, he will find that the inverted commas in that journal's report of his speech at Belfast give the words "God grant it!" not as any quotation from Mr. KICKHAM made by Dr. BAILEY, but as the words of the speaker himself—namely, "Dr. BAILEY of Monaghan," which it appears ought to have been "Dr. BAILEY." Dr. BAILEY therefore ought to have addressed himself to the STANDARD, rather than to us.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Madame AUSPITZ-KOLAR, Pianiste from Vienna (on Tuesday next, June 15, at St. James's Hall), with AUER from St. Petersburg, RIES, Bernhardt, and Demunck. Quartet in C. Mozart; Quintet, E. flat (Piano, &c.), Schumann; Quartet, Andante and Scherzo (posth.), Mendelssohn; Air, Violin Solo, Bach; Solos, Pianoforte. Tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, to be obtained of Lamborn Cook & Co., and Ollivier, Bond Street; and of Austin, at the Hall.

J. ELLA, Director, Victoria Square.

**MR. KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT.** In St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 16, at Half-past Two o'clock. Madames Adeline Patti, Vanzini, Grossi, Liebart, Edith Wynne, Lancia, Sainton-Dolby, Draslet, and Tisens; M. Mongini, Reichardt, Vernon Kirby, Jules Lefort, Foll, and Santley. Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Violoncello, Signor Fiatti; Harp, Mr. John Thomas; Pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Conductors, MM. Arditi, Bevilacqua, W. Ganz, Pissuti, and Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, One Guinea; Side Sofa Stalls, 15*s.*; Stalls, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Balcony and Orchestra, 5*s.*; Area, 3*s.*; Gallery, 2*s.*—May be obtained of Mr. Kuhe, 15 Somerset Street, Portman Square; Messrs. Chappell, Mitchell, Lamborn Cook, and Ollivier, in Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside; Hays, & Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's, St. James's Hall.

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD and LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL.** St. James's Hall, Thursday, June 17, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Compositions by Wilhelm Friedmann Bach, Clementi, F. Ries, Thalberg, C. Potter, W. S. Bennett, Moscheles, J. S. Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Mendelssohn, J. Field, Schubert, and Chopin. Vocalists, Miss Annie Edmonds and Mdlle. Chamerovous (her first appearance). Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Tickets to be obtained of Madame Goddard, 26 Upper Wimpole Street; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall.

**WILHELM FRIEDMANN BACH.**—At her THIRD and LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, St. James's Hall, Thursday, June 17, at Three o'clock precisely, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will play a grand Fantasia by W. Friedmann Bach (eldest son of John Sebastian Bach). This Fantasia, which only exists in MSS., has never been heard before in public. Madame Goddard will also play a grand Sonata by Clementi (in A, dedicated to Cherubini); Studies by Ries, Thalberg, Potter, and Moscheles; Fugues by Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn; a Romance by W. S. Bennett; an Impromptu by Schubert; a Nocturne by J. Field; and a Valse by Chopin. Reserved places to be obtained of Madame Goddard, at her Residence, 26 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square; Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall.

**THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till seven.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.* WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

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**MARLBOROUGH DINNER.**—The TRIENNIAL MARLBOROUGH DINNER will take place at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Thursday, the 24th of June next.

C. P. LILBERT, Esq., in the Chair.

Old Marlburians intending to Dine are particularly requested to apply for Tickets to any of the Committee, or at Willis's Rooms, on or before Monday, the 21st of June.

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**OLD KENSINGTONIANS.**—The ANNUAL DINNER will be held at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday Evening, June 22, at 7.30 precisely. Tickets (including Wine), One Guinea each. Old Kensingtonians intending to Dine are requested to apply to A. ROSSER, Esq., 37 Kensington Square.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.**—The next ANNUAL MEETING of this Association will be held at EXETER, commencing on Wednesday, August 18, 1869.

President Elect.—GEORGE G. STOKES, D.C.L., Sec. R.S., Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. General Secretaries.—Professor HIRST, F.R.S.; Dr. T. THOMSON, F.R.S. Assistant General Secretary.—G. GHIFETTI, Esq., M.A. General Treasurer.—W. SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., F.R.S.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary, 1 Woodside, Harrow, before August 1. Information about Local Arrangements may be obtained from the Local Secretaries (HENRY S. LANE, Esq.; J. C. HOWARD, Esq.; and the Rev. R. KIRWAN), Exeter.

**JURIDICAL SOCIETY, 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.**—On Wednesday, June 16, at Eight P.M., Mr. H. H. SHEPARD will read a PAPER on "The Capture of Private Property at Sea." Mr. WESTLAKE will Preside.

C. H. HOPWOOD, } Hon. Secs.  
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**VICTORIA COLLEGE, Jersey.**—The next TERM will commence August 3.—For further information apply to the Rev. W. O. CLEAVE, LL.D., Principal.

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